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THE
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THE ORACLE

Vol. 4



1942-43

Elmira High School

This book is gratefully dedicated to the former students and teachers of the Elmira High School, who have enlisted in His Majesty's forces.

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Bowman, Ralph
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Brox, Howard
Brox, Lester
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Brubacher, Ralph
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Engler, Leonard
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Principal

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JUNE

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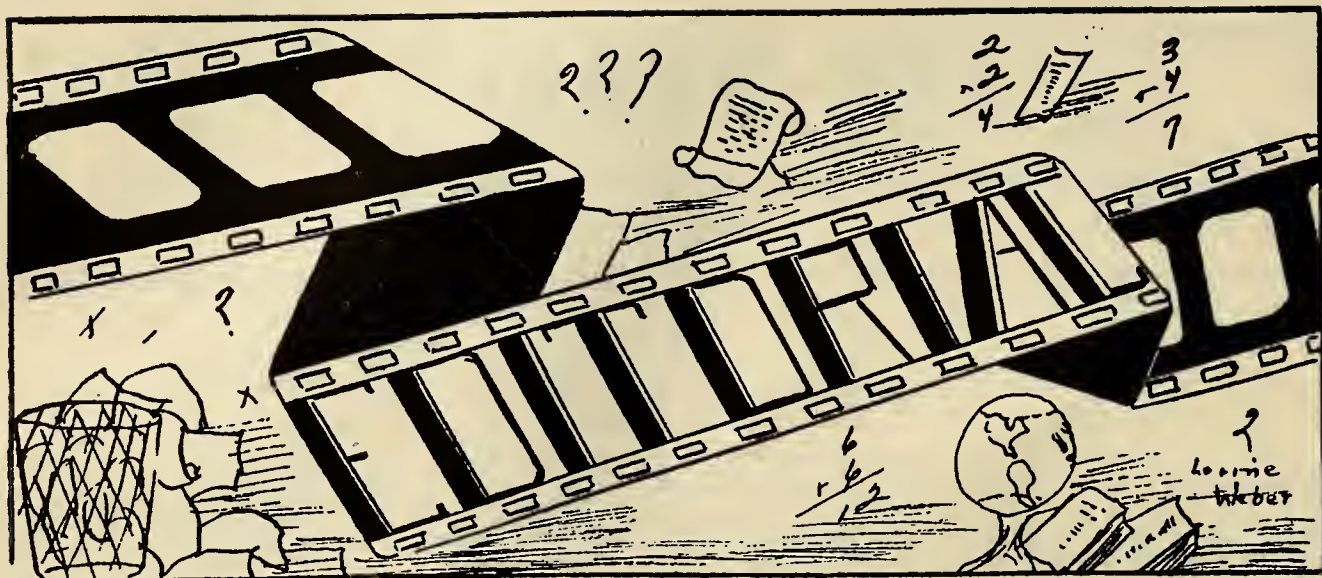
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WHAT IS A YEAR BOOK? A Year Book is a portraiture of the student body, displaying the emotions and skills of the students, and their devotion to their Alma Mater. It is an example of their co-operation and spirit of fellowship, which, in these days of discord and strife, are so essential.

The success of our Year Book depends upon the individual student. Only by his earnest endeavours was this Year Book compiled. The helpful assistance of our advisory teachers was greatly appreciated. Also, special mention should be made of our advertisers, whose pecuniary aid enabled the printing of this book.

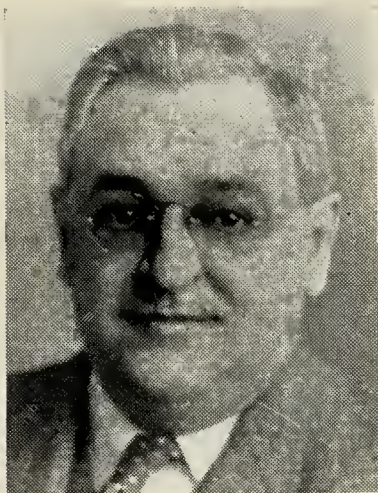
This is our fourth year at war. Into the lives of many, much sorrow and grief have entered—happiness and merriment are no longer prevalent. Many have lost their lives, many have lost their homes and belongings, and many have been forced into slavery. All this had to occur to satisfy the greed and avarice of a self-chosen dictator. To-day in free democratic countries we have women, men, and even boys and girls working side by side in our factories, in our ship yards, and on our farms with grim determination that our soldiers, our airmen and our sailors shall be supplied with the means and the tools to wrest the power from the Nazi tyrant.

Therefore it is up to us, the graduates, as we take leave of our beloved school, to select some work whereby we can aid in combatting the menace of gory warfare and help to bring everlasting peace and contentment to this land of ours. Let us go out into the world and put into use the many fine things our teachers have taught us. We have been so trained in the various phases of life that we realize that we must make tireless efforts to carry on the work of men who gave their lives to make our home a safer place in which to live, a land where justice and freedom predominate. Let us choose and choose carefully, as we take our place in life, the most vital position that will enable us to use every available talent to the best of our ability—whether that be with the Armed Forces, in war plants, or on food-producing farms. If we are willing to co-operate, we will succeed and thus be able to crush the Axis serpent of injustice under the heel of democracy.

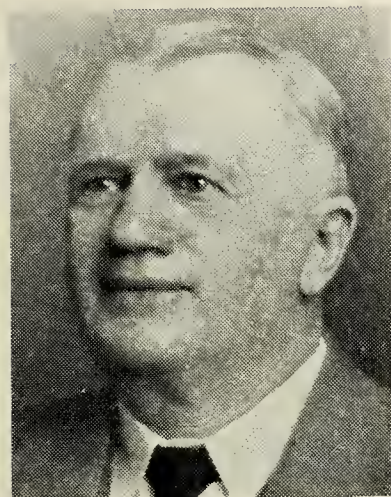
—BETTY YANCHUS, XIII

ELMIRA HIGH

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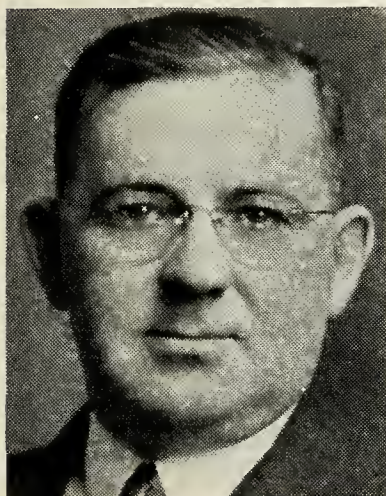
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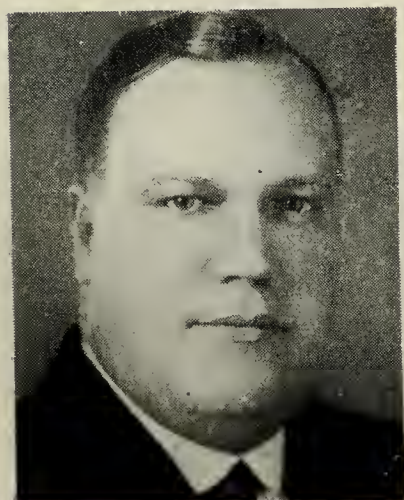
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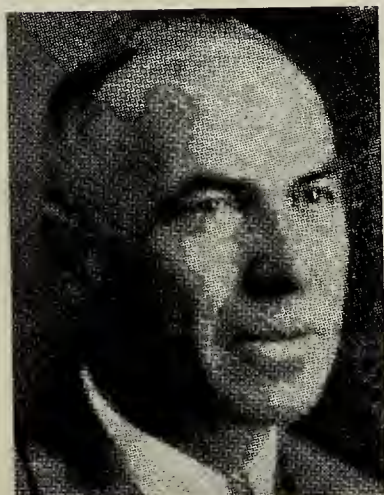
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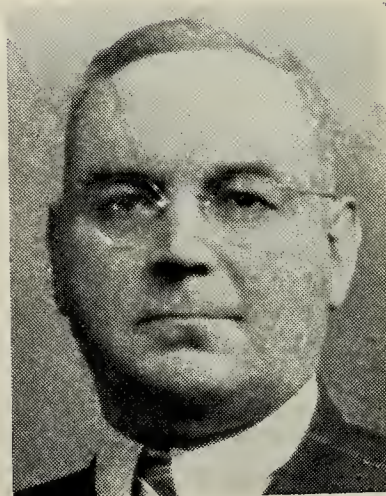
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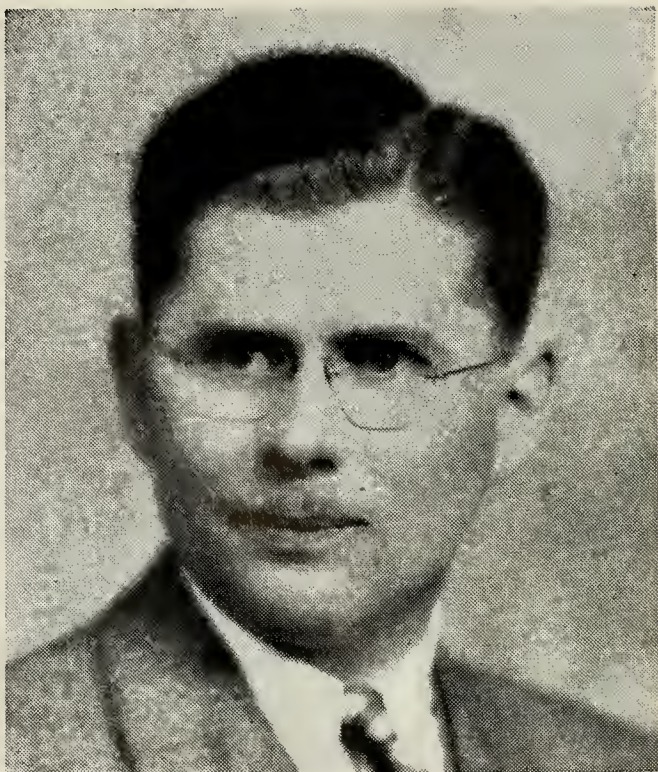
T. R. HOBDEN, B.S.A.

T. R. Hobden

The Principal's Message . . .

THE ORACLE is again ready to go to press. It might be compared to a ship, which appears on the horizon, bearing the harvest of the sea to port, in that it seeks to preserve the memories of a school year which will soon be wrapt in the abyss of the past.

This year's publication strives to fulfil another purpose. Being dedicated to the ex-students and teachers of our school who have gone forth to fight for the cause of freedom, it is a hand-clasp of comradeship with that fraternity which increases as the days go by, bridging the miles of land and sea that now separate those who learned to work and play together within the class-rooms and on the campus of the Elmira High School. The students and teachers want them to know that we are proud of them; that they are ever in our memories and in our prayers; and that we are anxiously awaiting the day when they will return bearing the laurels of victory.



G. E. CURRIE, B.A.

Imperative as it is that we win the war, it is equally vital that we win the peace. The armies of the United Nations, in keeping with Mr. Churchill's promise of 1939, are now taking the offensive, and, with the concerted efforts of all, a glorious victory is assured. The forces of Canada are playing a mighty part in this work, and, out of the "blood, sweat and tears", we hope that a finer conception of true democracy will emerge, both nationally and internationally, than this old world has ever known before.

You students of our school share in the challenge of bringing this about for you will be citizens of to-morrow. The ideals which you are building to-day, will be the guiding spirit of the future. Through the intelligent use of the franchise as well as the interplay of your personalities upon society, democracy will function.

G. E. CURRIE, B.A.,

Principal.

Commencement Pictures
of
THE OPERETTA



Canada



FIRST PRIZE DRAWING

—Evelyn Brubacher, Grade X.

DEMOCRACY AT STAKE

(Senior Prize, Oratorical Contest)

"On all great subjects much remains to be said." These words by Mill might readily be applied to the subject of my talk this afternoon, "Democracy at Stake."

What is democracy? Abe Lincoln defined it as government of, for, and by the people. Democracy's basic moral purpose is respect for the individual human being. Chinaman, Greek, Russian or Slav—these all have the same opportunity for enterprise and the same chance to express their opinion, in an ideal democracy, as a Canadian or an American. If only we could realize the responsibility to preserve and improve this form of government which is part of us and which demands our attention!

Democracy was the achievement of a long, hard struggle. It progressed gradually through revolutions, wars for independence, the press, a greater franchise, and industry. The struggle has not ended yet. The present war has brought most of Europe and much of Asia under ruthless dictatorships. These European totalitarian nations present a real threat to our way of life. They have clear definite ideas and aims. Oh, that the aims of democracy were more generally and better understood! The Nazis appeal to the emotions of their citizens by rising in protest and crying out against the injustice of the Versailles Treaty. Those totalitarian states also make use of the resources and scientific research of western civilization.

But there exists another threat, far greater, to which we must devote our thoughts. That is, that we fail to realize that we must have a fuller understanding and a better application of the principles of democracy. What are some of these principles? First, it is the duty and privilege of every Canadian—whether a merchant, teacher, lawyer, stenographer, or housewife—to share in making decisions concerning general

policies that affect the welfare of all. In other words, all of us, when we are old enough—let us not take an indifferent attitude towards politics; let us learn what political parties stand for, and on election day go to the polls and cast our votes. Second, we must be willing to abide by majority decisions. How often an enthusiast of a particular party on its defeat, starts slandering the opposition and unjustly criticizing it. The co-operation of such a man would be much better for the welfare of his country, but, if he still disagrees with the party's policy, he may vote against it at the next election. Mr. Willkie, after his defeat by President Roosevelt, put political prejudice aside and set an unparalleled example of co-operation with that government. The right of the minority to continue to express their conviction, however, is not hampered in the least. Lastly, each individual has the right to live his own life. He may choose any means of livelihood that he desires; he may worship according to his own conscience; he need not fear persecution by those in authority—how unlike the dictatorships of Europe!—and he is offered free education in his youth so that he may lead the way in putting the principles of democracy into effect.

We could not endure a national defeat that would take all or any of these privileges away. Nor dare we suffer an internal defeat in which we do not take advantage of democratic privileges and do not understand thoroughly democratic principles. We must pledge a renewed faith in them and a renewed devotion to them. Then will our beloved democracy survive and it will do more than that. It will grow and flourish and improve till the best form of government possible, that will last through the ages, shall be evolved. Let us strive for the necessary understanding and truly make use of the wonderful privileges of democracy.—ARTHUR WEICHEL, XIII

ORATORICAL CONTEST

Since this was the first E.H.S. public speaking contest, the quantity, but not the quality, of the speeches was lacking. Betty Yanchus, the chairman, called on Ruth Weismiller, the first speaker and only girl, who delivered an excellent speech. It concerned her trials and tribulations in choosing a subject. Next came Murray Hilliard, who revealed some interesting sidelights on Japan and Japanese aims and beliefs. Albert Lorch followed, and spoke on a very timely topic, namely, "On Choosing a Career". "Suomi", Ian Marr's subject, concerned the development of Finland and a description of Finnish culture and environment. Arthur Weichel in the concluding speech chose, "Democracy at Stake", setting before us the aims, principles and concepts of democracy, and the way in which democratic nations too often forget their obligations to one another.

The judges, Miss Axford, Miss Evans and Miss Boland, after careful deliberation, decided on the winners; namely, Ruth Weismiller for the girls and Arthur Weichel for the boys. Their decision was acclaimed by the whole student body, and a sing-song, with Mildred Mohr at the piano, ended the programme; encore next year!

—IAN MARR, XIII

THE PREPARATION OF MY SPEECH

(Junior Prize, Oratorical Contest)

I'll do it—no, I won't! "Oh, come on, you're afraid. You couldn't do it anyway, and you know you couldn't." It seemed as though the gremlins were at it again, arguing and trying to persuade me not to attempt such a difficult task. Such were my inner feelings when I first had any thought of bringing myself up on this stage, and worse still

were they, when I thought of talking to you to-day. Then I tried to imagine myself as some great orator, such as the Roman Cicero, delivering an essay on some philosophy of life to an amazed and awed audience, as I pounded away with my clenched fists trying to convince them and undoubtedly myself. I could also picture my meagre self standing on some beautiful rostrum, like our huge "brother Mussolini", with my protruding chin, blabbing away to the thousands below, how we were winning the war and advancing our enemies—backwards.

After having recovered slightly from such hideous thoughts, I sat down and tried to scratch a few words, with which I might stammer away to-day. More than one of my ill-starred beginnings floated merrily on its way to the waste basket as I became more and more disgusted with myself and threatened to hoist the white flag. However, persistence in my effort duly rewarded me with what seemed to be a fair start. Indeed, now that I was beginning to pride myself on being able to compose such phrases, my plan seemed to take wings as I hastened over the paragraphs in recurring spurts, my eagerness being hindered only by my remarkable inability. Words came to my mind which I never knew were buried in my limited vocabulary, and I became very well satisfied that I was progressing so well in my arduous undertaking. Indeed, for several days, I seemed to be literally wading amongst words, picking one up here and another there, and no doubt misplacing them in my essay.

Finally, it became harder to put things down on paper, and I determined to turn my thoughts toward a conclusion. Once more, I seemed lost, as my former frantic feeling loomed up dark in front of me, but, rallying behind my courage, I struggled on blindly against onrushing odds to an ending. I breathed a sigh of relief, with a radiant smile on my face, as I realized that I had completed my speech.

Suddenly! there dawned on me the

fact that it would be necessary to memorize my words. Accordingly in a down-hearted manner, I began to commit my oration to memory. I had never before realized how hard it was to learn some meaningless words by heart. Over the sentences I stumbled, repeating each word an endless number of times until they became quite boring. As I attempted to ramble on, words became mixed and sentences seemed to go better backwards than forwards. I tried to visualize how I would tremble and shake up here, what I would do if I should become mixed up or if I were to recite some sentence in its improper order. Again I became worried and excited, and once more in my rage, the basket became the receptacle for my wasted time and efforts as I hurled away my manuscript. And so, as I stand before you, having reached my final conclusion, I become thoroughly flustered and speech-less. —RUTH WEISMILLER, IX B

"SUOMI"

North of "forty-nine" is a country of lake and forest, farm and field. Its people call it "Suomi", land of the marshes—we call it Finland, a northern land like our own country, stretching to the Arctic.

Many centuries ago a brave, proud tribe appeared in Europe to the east of the Volga. There they divided. Some followed the Danube west to the plains of Hungary. They are the Magyars of to-day. The others wandered to the north-west to what is now Finland and Esthonia. They drove out the Lapps and named their new country, "Suomi", where to this day there are more mosquitoes to the square inch than in any other place in the world.

In the twelfth century Finland was Christianized by the Swedes and from then on faced west instead of east to Russia. At the Reformation, Finland again followed the example of Sweden and became Lutheran. As this little country was the "no-man's land" be-

tween Sweden and Russia it was fought over continually until in the Napoleonic Wars, Alexander of Russia took it from Sweden. He gave very liberal terms to the Finns. Their country was made the Grand Duchy of Finland, given democratic government, real home rule. It had its own schools, religion, and no compulsory military service. But Nicholas II, the curse of Russia from 1894 to 1905, tried to bring Finland directly under Russian control by taking away its century-old Home Rule granted by Alexander. During the war of 1914-1918 Finland was very prosperous; its people wished no longer to be ruled by Russia, and after the Russian revolt of 1917 Finland was given independence. Then followed a Civil War between the "classes" and the "masses". General Mannerheim, representing the former, was successful, and a republic was declared, its constitution modeled on that of the United States.

This gallant people, three million strong, first cousins of the Esthonians and forty-second cousins of the Magyars of Hungary, speak a very difficult language. They are peasant agriculturists, very conservative, reserved, hospitable—the illiterate number being only one per cent. Book learning is an end in itself and primary education is both free and compulsory. Forty per cent. of all children go to high school and university and half the state budget is spent on education. The Finns are also very skilful with their hands.

Finland excels in the arts of music and architecture. Saarinen, the architect, built the opera house and Parliament Buildings of Helsinki, true poems in stone, which are very beautiful, being made of Finnish granite with simple, dignified lines.

Sibellius, the Finn, is one of the great composers of the world. Perhaps the Finn's love of music developed through the long Arctic night. These people were not spoiled by the movies and the radio. They sat and sang their lyrics and folk-songs.

(Continued on page 26)



A TRUE CANADIAN

(Senior Prize Story)

Paul Krueter sat in front of his fireplace, deep in thought. He was worried. Only yesterday the children in the street had run after him and called him terrible names. He wished that they would leave him alone for he could not help it that he was born a German. He and his wife Maria had come to Canada ten years before, leaving a son behind who had not wished to leave the land of his birth. Paul and Maria had disliked for a long time the way Germany was being governed. Hitler was fast becoming stronger and so the middle-aged couple decided to flee from Germany while they had the chance. They wanted to live in a land where freedom dwelt and where people were not always at strife with one another. Thus they had come to Canada—but since the outbreak of war people were becoming unfriendly. They did not patronize the little grocery shop as they had before. He sensed them eyeing him suspiciously and talking in whispers about him. He had done no wrong and wished only to live in peace. Why didn't they leave him alone?

He snapped out of this unpleasant mood and turned on the radio. Music always cheered him, but presently the programme was interrupted: "It has been reported that a German airman has escaped from the prison camp north of here. Full particulars will be given later. Be on the look-out." The music was resumed and, as a prison break was not unusual, Paul settled back in his

easy chair, got out his pipe and puffed lazily.

All at once he heard a terrible shriek from the kitchen, and rushing out, saw his wife pointing out the window: "There! in the clump of bushes at the end of the garden, I saw a man start to run, stagger, and then fall. Oh, hurry—we must do something!" His little plump wife was short of breath and trembling with fright.

Paul quickly ran out of the back door and down the garden path. The man was lying, outstretched on his stomach. By this time Paul's wife had followed him and together they lifted the strange man into the house. He started to groan and muttered, "... Water! ... Water!" Paul quickly removed a big overcoat and saw that he had collapsed from loss of blood. He had a bullet wound in his right shoulder. Then Paul noticed that he was in prison garb. He had seen a train load of the prisoners being unloaded at the station, and so he knew at once—this was the escaped Nazi!

His wife, who had run for a glass of water, returned and started to give the stranger a drink. Then suddenly she let the glass fall. "Paul," she whispered hoarsely, "it is Wilhelm, our son."

"Impossible," said Paul, "why Wilhelm was a slight lad when we left Germany. This fellow is too big. Why, it took all the strength I could muster to carry him in. Besides, what would Wilhelm be doing in Canada, and an escaped Nazi, at that!"

"But I say it is he," argued the frantic woman. "I can tell by the scar above

his left eye. He received it the time he was hurt in a fight with our neighbour's boy. He has filled out, but remember he was only nineteen when we left." Suddenly, remembering that her son was an escaped German, she started to weep and said, "What shall we do? We can't give up our own son. We will keep him here!"

But Paul shook his head sadly, "We must give him up. We are in Canada now and we must be faithful to the country we have learned to love."

"Oh, my son! my son! why did you do such a thing? Why did you join those fiendish Nazis who murder little children?"

The man's eyelids flickered and after gazing around in bewilderment, a dawning light came into his eyes, a crafty smile came over his face. "It is you, my mother and father. How fortunate for me that you found me instead of the others! Now I shall be safe." Arising slowly and clutching his shoulder he exclaimed, "Heil, Hitler! I must be on my way, with your help, of course."

"Oh, no," said Paul, "you are not going anywhere. Even if you are my own son, I shall hand you over to the proper authorities."

Swiftly Wilhelm drew out a black automatic, and, sneering, said, "No, you won't, my good father. First get me some food and drink. Then you will see that I get out of here safely and into the United States."

With a quick motion, Paul lunged forward and the shot which answered his movement went wild. A brief struggle ensued and Wilhelm fiendishly battled with his poor old father. The shot, however, had been heard in the street and an officer came rushing in. "What's it all about?" he bellowed. Then seeing the Nazi he said, "So we've caught you at last. You thought you were pretty smart when you gave us the slip at the station. Now we have you."

Wilhelm, still panting from the fight, angrily turned to Paul, "You, my own father—to think you would turn over

your own flesh and blood to the foreigners. You are a disgrace to the fatherland."

"You are no son of mine, after what you have done. Perhaps in an internment camp you will forget the ways of your so-called fatherland."

The astonished officer then spoke hesitatingly, "Your son—an escaped Nazi—and you stopped his escape? We've had you all wrong with our stupid suspicions. Mr. Krueter, you're a true Canadian. We shall not forget this."

A few weeks later Paul and his little wife sat before their fireplace once more. Paul musingly said to his wife, "It's strange how life works. Only the other week I was bemoaning the fact that the people did not patronize our store. Now business is twice as good and people are twice as friendly."

"Yes," answered his wife sadly, "but we had to give up our son. I suppose it's for the best, for he'll learn nothing wrong where he is, and he won't be a danger to his fellow creatures."

"No, and I am awaiting the day when he will come to his senses and all others like him. Only then will the world be a good place in which to live."

—MARGARET LUTZ, XII

THE CAVALCADE OF DEATH

(Junior Prize Story)

From Bergues flowed a steady stream of iron monsters, on whose sides were painted the new cross that was to rule the world—The Nazi Swastika. In the leading tank, der Kommandant Franz von Stein gloated—"France is no more, the English swine are on the run and soon we will drive them into the sea; next comes the invasion of England." Der Kommandant had just received information that his tank groups were in an excellent position to advance and crush the defenders, who were holding the position to cover the retreat of the men on Dunkirk beach.

It was early morning and the fog

from the sea covered the countryside; however, he gave the signal for more speed. He consulted his map and said to the lieutenant, "Over that hill, and then we crush their puny defences, then on to the slaughter of Dunk—"

He was interrupted by a roar from the lieutenant, "Look, Herr Kommandant! On the hill, what craziness are the English doing now . . . Cavalry!"

Radio-phoning the command to halt, der Kommandant scanned the hills through the mist; he mouthed guttural oaths and demanded, "The fools! Do they hope to stop us with that? They have white flags with red crosses on them; they are advancing to meet us; and look, they are dressed in armour; what new trick is this?" He grinned. "Give the order to advance and open fire."

On came the horsemen and the tanks lurched forward belching fire.

Then Von Stein's eyes bulged . . . The strange company never wavered but still rode toward them. The blond bristles on his neck stood up; he gaped in horror at the armoured leader and his men on this ghostly cavalcade. The iron mesh covering their heads framed not faces but grinning skulls. Skeleton hands shot arrows which clanged harmlessly against the tank sides. Now they were passing through the tank formation; on they went to the rear of the tanks some thirty yards distant.

From the rear port through his field glasses Von Stein could still see the grinning faces and the leader seemed to be mocking him. Rage now replaced fear in this Nazi tank leader; he quite lost his head and ordered the tank squadron to turn and destroy this new enemy. Then ensued a strange battle; weaving in and out between the milling tanks the weird horsemen were the cause of confusion and collisions. The ghostly horsemen vanished as quickly as they had appeared.

The rest is history — through this timely interruption of the advance of these crack Nazi tank divisions, the

attack on a weak defence position of the British was delayed.

Just before his "retirement", der Kommandant faced the firing squad with glazed eyes and was heard to mutter, "The dead rise to help England." The tank crews still speak in awed voices of the strange object they found in one of their tanks—an English arrow of the thirteenth century!

—ELEANOR KERRIGAN, X

THEIR BIT

It was mid-winter. The wind was howling through the top pine branches and the snow was driving in immense waves over the rugged mountain sides and jagged peaks. Yet here in this raging blizzard a lumberman was wandering aimlessly about, occasionally raising his numb arms to pull his cap further over his ears and knocking his feet together to maintain the warmth that remained. Yes, Eric Lake, the man who had braved many a northern storm, was now lost in the furies of the gale twenty miles from any settlement. He had started off from a distant town with some provisions, but the gale had beaten him.

At home Eric's young bride was waiting anxiously, and, while she listened to the crackling of the fire or the sonorous tick of the clock on the mantel shelf, she was thinking of her beloved husband, who had made possible this cherished home in the small but cheery settlement. Finally she roused herself with a start, as a burning log turned over in the fireplace. She turned on the battery-radio and listened for a short time to a newscast coming from Ottawa. Suddenly an abrupt announcement flashed over this station. It said: "An unidentified plane, believed to be German, has been spotted off the north-west part of Labrador. All look-out towers and civilians report to "CBCX" if such a plane is located."

"The north-west part of Labrador—

(Continued on page 67)

LAURENTIAN SKI TRACKS

(Prize, General Prose)

One doesn't usually like to be rudely awakened at six o'clock in the morning by this salutation, "Get up or you'll miss the train." It was, however, necessary to rise at six o'clock in order to catch the ski train at seven-thirty.

After thinking this over, I hauled myself out of bed, dressed, and made my appearance at the table. Breakfast over, we put on our ski equipment, slung our skis over our shoulders, and started for the station. Early in the morning positively nothing stirred; that is, "nothing except those all-too-venturesome skiers, who go up north and break their bones hurtling downhill."

This was probably what people were thinking about us and the many other skiers who "went north" at every opportunity. However, what did we care, as our boots scrunched down the fresh clean snow which had fallen the night before.

The station was jammed. Everywhere there were skiers, skis, rucksacks, sunglasses, in fact all the paraphernalia used by the modern skier. One of our friends specialized in gadgets and it was a joy to see him playing with each and every one. To buy a ticket one had to have ingenuity as well as courage; only the fittest survived this rush and scramble. Tickets however were secured for the three of us by our combined efforts. Then someone shouted that the train was coming. There was a train coming all right; as it drew nearer it turned out to be the "Quebec Express", not our train at all. In a few minutes another came puffing in from the south. New Yorkers scrambled off, bag and baggage, to make connections for "the North"; porters were left behind, as the traditional skier must shoulder his own load, and they liked it too, these young Americans. There was another delay until our train was finally sighted. It

arrived eventually, full of skiers, peering out the windows, others frantically gesticulating to their friends as they hung out the ends of the cars; they had double seats reserved! What an air of spontaneity there was about it all. "King Care Free" reigned—colour ran riot, costumes were fearful and wonderful, ranging from the Eskimo to the smart Tyrollean ensemble.

The ski train consisted of old wooden coaches. Since these were light the engine could pull a train of about fourteen cars. On the return trip gas lights were used for illumination.

We serpentine around Mount Royal, swinging up North through miles of snow to the hills. We loved the changing scenery: the white spruces, the birches bent by the winter winds, the habitant houses which seemed to have grown out of the soil, all banked and blanketed in snow. The train slowly pulled up grade following the meanderings of the Riviere du Nord and soon we were at the station. We struggled into our knapsacks and got out through the door, some skiers making their exit by way of the window. Skis waxed, we were now ready for a cross country trip along trails leading far from the road, through woods and fields, up hill and down dale.

Outside the train the air was crisp and cold, and the sun shone on the snow which reflected the light with millions of tiny sparkles. Whips cracked and bells jingled as the sleighs drove away up the hill in this small Laurentian village. Cozy in the sunshine, it nestled under its snowy cover. The little houses of hand-hewn, squared logs, whitewashed, with trimmings of yellow-green or the traditional French blue almost bumped each other as they squatted on the edge of the road. For you must know our Habitant is a sociable fellow, given to jollification with his "own folk". Over each door was a plaque of St. Christopher; the patron saint of travellers.

On the highest knoll in the village stood the church, religious and social



GRADE XII

Third Row—Ralph Robbins, Donald Snyder, Ross Weichel, Floyd Henrich, Miss MacVicar, Phyllis Stickney, Jim Vice.

Second Row—Edward O'Krafka, Albert Lorch, Elmer Sauder, Lyle Dahmer, John Rowland, Murray Heinbuch.

Front Row—Thelma Ziegler, Marie Simmons, Alice Henrich, Evelyn Doherty, Dorothy Hill, Margaret Lutz, Marjorie Brubacher, Connie Dillon.

COMMERCIAL

Back Row—Lloyd Mulholland, Laverne Wittick, Harold Ritter, Miss Boland, Stanley Deckert, Willard Martin, Robert Ruggle.

Front Row—Alice Gies, Helen Roberts, Mildred Weigel, Isabel Cooper, Marion Pirie, George Jones, Robert Detweiler.



GRADE X

Fifth Row—Glenn Plant, Tom Kares, Dorothy Smith, Evelyn Brubacher, Shirley Cunningham, Betty Dillon, Pauline Derbecker, Marie Zinger, Derry Woodall.

Fourth Row—William Aberle, Miriam Hurst, John Heinbuch, Mary Kirschner, Dennis Vines, Kenneth Israel, Henry Martin, Erle Martin, Bill Rau.

Third Row—Evelyn Shoemaker, Gladys Good, Adeline Eby, Ruth Martin, Lorraine Lichty, Ruth Schweitzer, Kathleen Lorch, Betty Brown, Susanna Brubacher, Grace Martin.

Second Row—Francis Ritter, June Lutz, Doreen Fries, Carol Robinson, Arlene Shuh, Jean Cunningham, Bernice Koehler, Mary Ann Martin, Mary Herzog, Jean Robinson, Jean Stroh, Eleanor Kerrigan.

First Row—Alma Dreisinger, Eleanor Slimmon, Irene Hain, Miss McDonagh, Graham Lavery, Bob Leslie, Edward Hill, Robert Klinck, Henry Sippel.

GRADE XI

Fourth Row—Walter Metzger, Leonard Ruppel, and Gingrich, Mr. Hobden, John Arnold, Roland Borchardt.

Third Row—Mary Woznuk, Ruth Klinck, Kathleen Meisch, Jean Seiling, Ruth Mulholland.

Second Row—Betty Vice, Beverley Shurly, Margaret Brubacher, Donald Koebel, Ross Holland, Donald Huehn, Rita McMahon.

First Row—Lucille Niergarth, Esther Soehner, Thelma Uberig, Kersanta Lipnicki, Helen Voll, Alice Hahn, Betty Bechthold, Bernice Krupp.



GRADE 9A

Fourth Row—Erma Gingrich, Jean Brubacher, George Jupp, Miss Evans, Jean Foster, George Lee, George Adams.

Third Row—Reagh Hilliard, Kenneth Drimmie, Beth Brown, Verlin Cope, Thomas Galley, Jack Allgeier, Madelaine Harber.

Second Row—Gladys Kraemer, Joyce Beggs, Jean Goodwin, Katie Herzog, Wanda Hubert, Myrtle Eix, Margaret Bolger, Shirley Good.

First Row—Glen Gabel, Donald Henrich, Melvin Holman, Paul Campbell, Donald Geisel, Donald Brox, Kenneth Klinkman.

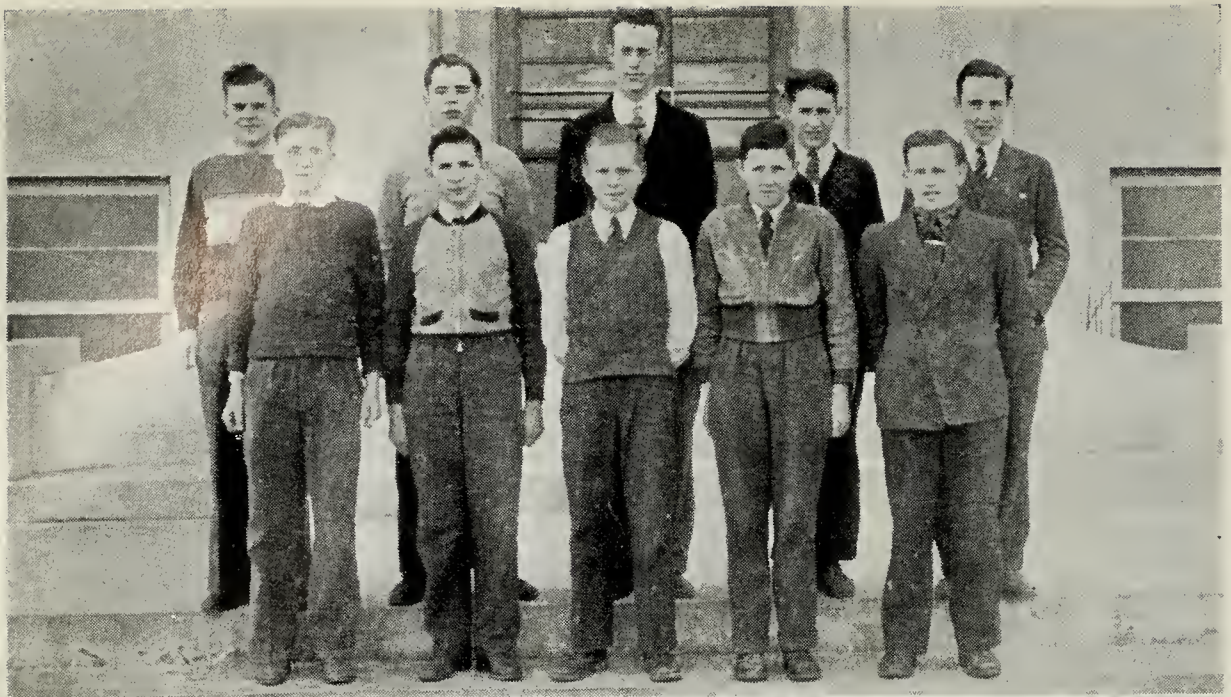
GRADE 9B

Fourth Row—Irene Malinsky, Jean Niergen, Betty Schaefer, Gloria Meyer, Miss Axford, Ruth Weismiller, Mae Stumpf, Marshall Steele, Shirley Seiling.

Third Row—Jimmy Miller, David St..., Edward Schwindt, Robert Roe, Jack Moyer, Laverne Ziegler.

Second Row—Jean Zinger, Audrey Nelson, Erma Martin, Gertrude Mattusch, Delores Snyder, Catherine McMahon, Myrtle Wagner, June Saddler.

First Row—Paul Schmehl, L. er Martin, Donald Meyer, Robert Weber, William Whittaker.



centre of this mountain community. Mounting guard over the whole countryside, its bell called the faithful to prayer hourly on Sunday mornings, and made sweet music through the hills.

Soon the long procession of skiers, taxis, and sleighs had vanished over the top of the hill and everything regained its usual quiet. However, fifteen minutes later pandemonium again reigned.

It did not take long to leave the other skiers and we were soon struggling up the first long hill. At the top of the first hill there was nothing to do but climb the second hill, but as it was longer than the first we began to feel rather tired; in fact the only thing that kept us moving along so fast was the anticipation of the slide down the other side. It was presumed by all that some of us would not ski the whole way down, for one wit in our party said, "I learned to ski in twelve sittings."

The other side of a difficult bump, or just around a rather icy and sometimes steep curve, we would gather and watch the next victim display his skill. If he fell we all laughed at him, for it is not considered ill-mannered to laugh at a skier who has taken a tumble.

At this point one of the fellows, anxious to show the others that he knew a thing or two, did a *gelandesprung*; that is, he dug his poles into the snow at the top of a bump and executed a small jump. This unfortunate, however, lost his balance in mid air, and plunged head first into a snowbank so hard that only his legs were left sticking out. We held our breath until we saw him wiggle, and then knowing that he must be alive we all gave him the Ha! Ha!, and yanked him out; eyes, ears, nose, hair full of snow. It nearly was a noble achievement but there's many a slip—in skiing.

At the top of the next hill we could see for miles. In every direction bare peaks and summits reared their hoary heads. About fifteen miles to the north a train was winding its tortuous length

around one of the many mountains and we could hear the whistle. Then after gazing at the scenery we pushed off, one by one, until I was the last left on the top. The cool green firs laden down with their blobs of snow on each branch stirred gently in the breeze and somewhere off in the distance a dog barked.

The run looked long and steep, and during my meditations my companions had reached the bottom. There they waited. I started with a sharp push-off to gain more speed. As the slope was bumpy an *Arlberg crouch* was necessary. The hill now flashed by in a white blur, my knees working like shock absorbers. I finished at the bottom with a grand swooping *Christiana*. Then, our Ski Club being over the next rise, we hurried along.

It was the time honoured custom of our Club that the first member to arrive got the key of the house from its place of concealment. This unfortunate then had to make a fire and bring in wood for the stove. Soon the rest of the gang had arrived and dinner was started. Everybody got his own and helped with the dishes afterwards. Then the last one out made everything shipshape, locked the house and hung the key in its accustomed place.

As the trip back to the station was mostly downhill, it was easily navigated by all and as we entered Mount Rolland at dusk, we were thinking of our coach so cozy and comfortable on the siding. We soon stumped into it, brushed the snow from our clothing and peeled off our boots and jackets. Someone started singing "*Alouette*", so we all joined in. The train began to move and the lights of the siding blinked away into the darkness. Occasionally a blur of light flashed by, indicating we had passed another stop.

On arriving home we turned on the lights and the radio, lit the fireplace and relaxed lazily in front of the fire. It had been another glorious day.

—IAN MARR, XIII

ON SKIING

*"I poise on the hill and I wave adieu;
(My curving skis are firm and true)
The slim wood quickens, the air takes
fire
And sings to me like a gypsy's lyre."*

One can not begin to imagine the thrill and enjoyment derived from skiing until one has had actual experience. There is first, of course, pain, which often accompanies the learning of the fundamental rules of manipulating the skis and ski-poles, but after two or three "well-biased" falls, the beginner avoids such unpleasant occurrences in the future. I think it is mostly animal instinct that keeps the good skier on his feet—he surveys, very quickly, the route just ahead of him, and reflex nerves do the rest.

Can't you imagine the thoughts running through the skier's mind as he is about to go over a rather high jump? He doesn't stop to think of the danger there might be in the action; he just enjoys the completely hollow feeling in his stomach as he allows gravity and the old winter wind to toy with him in mid-air. When he has landed safely, and the momentum of the landing sends him speedily along the remainder of the track, he perhaps hopes that his lady love has watched him do the jump, even though it has caused her some anxiety. He almost feels as though he has done something brave, but the wind plays tag about his ears and up his sleeves, and with a slight shiver his thoughts turn to new adventure, perhaps to hitting the ski-trail which is two miles long.

The first hundred yards is not at all fast. Our skier leisurely sways in and out among trees, jumping their shadows just for sport. He wonders what fate has up her sleeve as he gazes at the miles of landscape below him. There are numerous "hair pin" turns in the trail to prolong its length and very often the deep green, but snow-laden evergreens, which seem to be passing in opposite directions to him, loom up

ahead, and although they look very comfortable and soft for landing in, he knows it to be just a deceptive illusion and quickly pivots on the handiest ski-pole.

On this slope the sun is on his back, sending before him a shadow of himself, somewhat unproportional, though with glints of beautiful blue. He is amused at the long spindly limbs of the shadow and the short trunk of the body (because he is stooped for balance.) The ski-poles jutting out on either side of the image make it resemble a very old-type sea-plane and he at once sets about doing "stunts" using his shadow and his imagination. This has a very unexpected and unpleasant result. As the next group of evergreens looms up telling him to turn, first his shadow, then he is in the midst of them. This time, as he awkwardly tries to untangle himself from his skis and the snowy, prickly branches of the trees, he is thankful that his lady love is not watching.

—BRUCE RUPPEL, XIII

"Suomi"

(Continued from page 16)

Finland has produced athletes — Nurmi of Olympic fame. Muscular endurance is the endowment of the Finn.

Finland is a farming and forest country of small farms and land-owners. Frontier conditions are still here. Each man is his own master and the best man wins. No great riches are here as Finland is happily a poor country. All careers are open to women except the church and army. Also, when married, they may keep their positions, and female suffrage has justified itself in that seventeen women are in Parliament, out of two hundred members.

Sibellius still lives, her great artist of music. He has composed songs of the marshes of his beloved homeland known the world over.

Finland, now under the Russian heel, will rise again and once more Finlandia, Sibellius' song, will be sung in the land of "Suomi". —IAN MARR, XIII



The Fairies

*As I gazed from my window
One clear winter night,
The snow was all sparkling
'Neath the pale, shimmering light.*

*It seemed as if the fairies
Had just been dancing there,
And dropped many a diamond
From their soft, silvery hair.*

*It was all so very silent,
When hark! first faint, then clear,
The voices of sweet fairy belles
Seemed to be coming near.*

*I saw them tripping nearer,
They were gowned in gossamer fair.
They danced on the shining snowflakes
As the moon-rays fell on their hair.*

*They slowly seemed to vanish
In the hush of the starlit night,
And all that remained was a silvery
sheen
As they gaily left my sight.*

*I stood there filled with amazement
At the wonderful sight I had seen.
I had never beheld such splendour,
No, not even in a dream.*

—RUTH WEISMILLER, IX B

To A Mother's Son

*She watched him with fast-filling eyes
As, walking proudly down the street,
He turned to wave and smile again;
Such courage could not see defeat!*

*He was her son, her darling boy;
He'd gone, her freedom to defend.
How young and tall, how sure he was—
His peril she dared not comprehend!*

*He'd said, "I must go, mother dear,
But I'll return when the battle's won."
"Ah, yes," but the tear ran down her
cheek,
For he was her own dear boy, her son.*

*Now he's gone, but she's waiting, wait-
ing still,
And her heart is sad, but her head's
held high,
For he's doing his duty across the seas,
And she prays he'll return to her by
and by.*

—DOROTHY HILL, XII

A Snaky Fellow

(Junior Prize Poem)

*One day when swimming at the lake,
I found a small green copper snake;
I held him carefully by his tail
And fed him cherries till he did quail.*

*He stretched and squirmed and hissed at me,
Trying his best to get himself free;
I played with him till it drew night
When this little snake took one big bite.*

*I howled and yelped and danced around
And let Mr. Snake fall on the ground.
I saw him escape in the light of the moon,
Leaving me alone with an aching wound.*

*Slowly I turned away towards home
With a little sigh and a little groan—
And you, dear friends, my advice do take,
Do not fool around with a small copper snake.*

—ROBERT WEBER, IX B

My Unlucky Day

*While walking down the street one day,
When everything was bright,
A black cat ran in front of me,
I nearly took a fright!*

*Then walking by a store window,
Not knowing where to go,
I crossed beneath a huge ladder,
And sighed a piteous, oh!*

*The sky had turned to gray again,
Bad luck was on its way,
I did not know exactly when,
But it would come that day.*

*No sooner had I reached my home,
When everything went wrong,
A double mirror fell on the floor—
Ill luck was lasting long.*

*There's much more to this story,
But harken to my voice,
And don't be superstitious—
You know you have the choice.*

—MAE STUMPF, IX B

A Letter Home

*Writing a letter, are you?
Mother waits with anxious heart
To hear the postman's bell!
You can't think what to say—
It's getting late, you're tired—
You really haven't much to tell.*

*You think you'll leave it for another
day,
There's something else you want to do
to-night;
She's knitting by the fire;
I heard her say:
"They know I miss them—
And they're sure to write."*

*Here—take your pen and pour
Out your every thought,
Just what you'd say if you
Were in the room beside her chair.
A mother's life is fraught
With love and care for you.*

—SHIRLEY CUNNINGHAM, X

Canada Awake!

(Senior Prize Poem)



*I stood upon a distant battle-field,
And watched the wounded soldiers as they reeled
Past me—but there was one who spoke and said
“Go back, and tell them all; this life-blood red
Is not for our own sakes; but it is shed
For them, that they in future peace might live.”
And gasping, at my feet, he lay there—dead.*

*I watched an aeroplane plunge through the sky
And heard the motor cough and slowly die,
And saw the pilot to the gunner turned,
“Well, this is it, old boy: I hope it’s learned
That it was not for our own sakes we burned
Our young life’s fuel; ’twas freedom that we yearned.”
Then these received a death not justly earned.*

*From lonely graves in a tempestuous sea
A host of ghostly sailors called to me,
“Let it be known that we have nobly died,
That willingly we travelled o’er Death’s tide
That our young sons might look to us with pride,
And live in peace forever side by side.*

*And so I bring their chorus—their demand,
I do not beg of you, but I command;
It is not my own voice, I’m but a hand
That brings the message of that faithful band
Of service men, who in the dark world stand
In bloody warfare, on the snow and sand
To guard the freedom of your native land.*

*Come, Canada, awake! these are your boys,
They’re human beings—not just mere decoys,
To urge the enemy to fresher start;
Shall some lad nurse a lonely, weary heart
Because you failed to live up to your part?
Or shall another enemy’s deadly dart
Bring more destruction?—have you done your part?*

—VIVIAN HOFFER, XIII

Our War Work



The Junior Red Cross Society

Princess Elizabeth Branch

Now tell me, what branch of the school has been more active than the Princess Elizabeth Branch of the Junior Red Cross? There is not a pupil belonging to it who has not taken part. Co-operative! well, that really does not express it. Just think of starting school later than usual, and then on November 9 raising \$44.91 in a "Mile of Pennies" campaign, and then donating every penny to the "Evening Telegram" British War Victims Fund!

There are many articles that we girls have made; for example, face cloths, layettes, diapers, housewives, triangular bandages, "T" bandages, and ever so many different things.

In the near future there will be a little surprise for all, an afternoon tea, and at it will be sold baking and new spring bonnets, for some of the earlier lassies, also a display of refugee outfits.

Grade IX have done very well with the selling of their beanies. A great number of the girls are sporting them already, and we must say, they are very pretty indeed. Now, tell me, what pupil of the E.H.S. would not be proud to

help the Junior Red Cross with this very important war effort?

—SHIRLEY CUNNINGHAM, X

E.H.S. Open Night and Red Cross Bazaar

The Elmira High School in May, 1942, held a successful Open Night. Last year it was different in as much as it featured along with the students' work and displays a Junior Red Cross Bazaar and the "Thumbs Up" Review from Hamilton. During the first part of the evening the students' work was displayed in all the rooms. In the shop the brass work, tool and wood work which the boys made were on display and in the Home Economics the refugee clothes and layettes which had been made by the girls. It was especially interesting to see three little Elmira girls modeling complete refugee outfits which also had been made by the girls.

The girls' P.T. classes put on a very fine display of physical drills and interesting folk dances. The boys' P.T. display consisted of tumbling acts and pyramid building, which was very well done and not marred by a single slip. The various school organizations operated baking, candy and refreshment

booths during the evening, as well as a number of guessing contests and games. A quilt made by the Home Economics classes was raffled off and the sum of \$85.00 was realized from this alone. These proceeds went to the Junior Red Cross fund and to the Elmira Red Cross.

The special entertainment of the evening was the program put on by the "Thumbs Up" Review of Hamilton who gave their services free. They presented a variety program which was enthusiastically received by the audience.

An unexpected surprise of the evening was the presence of Mr. Reginald Sloan, of Hamilton, who has written several successful songs and who is a talented pianist. Mr. Sloan autographed and sold thirty-five copies of a song he had written, and turned the proceeds over to the Junior Red Cross.

—MARJORIE BRUBACHER

A Summer At Queenston Camp

Last summer four girls from our school decided to go to the fruit camps for the summer—Eleanor Arnold, Helen Karley, Grace Omand and I. Eleanor was sent to St. Davids, Helen to St. Catharines and Grace and I to Queenston Camp. As I am the only one of the four back at school this year I shall take this opportunity to tell you just what a farmerette must do at Queenston Camp.

Each day at 5.45 a.m. we all hear the ding-dong of the "cow-bell", although it seems far, far away. That bell means it is almost time to get up. Then at six we hear a bell that means we must get up right away. So into our overalls, rubber boots and straw hats and down for breakfast. At 6.45 the hurrying and scurrying begin as the farmers from all the neighbouring farms begin to drive their trucks into camp. We grab our lunch, jump into the trucks and off we go!

Now the work starts! Cherries and strawberries must be picked, tomatoes, too, from the green houses; asparagus

must be cut; fields and fields of tomato plants must be planted and stalked; asparagus must be sorted; and all the peach trees must be thinned. The peach trees are so overladen with little green peaches that if they were left that way the peaches would never grow to be large. So they must be thinned out very carefully. Some weeks later comes the most important work of all—picking peaches. Of course each girl carries her own ladder from tree to tree. After she has filled a basket it is placed beneath the tree. The baskets are gathered up, loaded on to the truck and taken to the packing house. Other farmerettes there grade the peaches and pack them in baskets. From there they are shipped to all the cities and towns.

At noon we get an hour off for lunch and it is spent under the shady trees on the banks of the Niagara River. This is an enjoyable hour, as you can imagine, after we have been out in the hot sun for five hours.

We work from one o'clock until six when a shrill whistle is heard coming from Pop (our boss). And we all know what that means—run for the truck. But sad to say very few run—wearily we walk. The minute camp is in sight everyone feels great again and wonders, "Will there be any letters for me?" Then into the showers! As you can very likely imagine we get surprisingly dirty! Once again feeling clean and refreshed, we have our dinner.

But before dinner is even over cars begin to come in the drive. This time not the farmers—the boys from Niagara Falls, St. Catharines and Niagara-on-the Lake. Before leaving camp we must sign out for the convenience of the camp mother. Two late leaves are granted each week—Wednesday nights it is eleven and Saturday nights it is 12.30. Thursday nights no one is allowed in camp or out and all other nights of the week we must be in at ten with lights out a half hour later.

Now don't you all agree that Queenston Camp is a wonderful place?

—BETTY SCHUMMER, XIII

My Experiences of a Summer Vacation on the Farm

The farm to which I went was quite close to my home and so I slept at home. At five-thirty I got up and sped off to the farm where I was greeted by Bobby, the dog. My first task was to get the cows. Soon I learned to ride a horse and thus saved myself much walking. The cows soon knew, when they saw a rider on horse-back and the dog and heard my loud shouts, that it was time to head for home. Then I tried to milk a cow. I found out that cows are temperamental and prefer their own milker. I learned how to feed calves and that it's not only putting a pail of milk before them, but that they need a scientific feeding to do well. I enjoyed playing with them when they tried to bunt.

Horses interested me most. I liked cleaning them, washing them after a hard day's work, and feeding them. I learned how to buckle the harness, although I was not tall enough to put it on the horse. I learned the parts of the harness; such as, the hames, the belly band, the tugs, the traces, the collar, the martingale, the bridle, and the lines. I learned to hitch them to any vehicle single or double. I learned how to handle a team on a wagon, a hay loader and a plough. I enjoyed standing on a high load of hay or grain. In the harvest time I learned how to build a load of grain and stay on my feet. One day I had to step on to the front rack of a load and fell off. The boss said, "That's how everybody learns. They have to fall off a wagon once anyway." In the barn I set the slings and built the mow.

I learned a great deal about other feeds, as turnips, mangolds, and corn. I used to cut corn, load it on the wagon and bring it out to the fields for the cattle. Hoeing of turnips never appealed to me, but one day I found a bird's nest in the potato patch and to my surprise it belonged to a kildeer. I found other interesting birds' nests be-

longing to sparrows, robins, starlings, song sparrows, and in our garden, wrens, tree sparrows, martins and canaries.

I was greatly interested in the chickens. I helped keep clean the colony houses and drinking pails and learned how to mix the feeds. I thought it lots of fun hunting the eggs. I often was surprised to find a nest in most unusual places. Of course I spent much time playing with the chicks, putting them in my lap and watching them go to sleep. One chick in particular would follow me all around the yard when I called it while I was pulling weeds.

My days on the farm were not all work. I spent a great deal of time romping with the dog and chasing around on the farm apparently after nothing but never the less highly excited. The outside air seemed to make me very hungry and how I enjoyed the plain wholesome food fresh from the garden and larder;

I was delighted when school started later. I found that my experience on the farm was helpful, health-giving, and full of fun.

—IRENE HAIN, X

The Student's Part of the War

Breathes there a student with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said—

"I'm getting out of this school and I'm going to do something useful for my country." You've felt it, and I've felt it—that urge to get actively into the war. It's because there is a war right here and right now and we are part of it. But, have you ever stopped to think that the students of to-day must be the statesmen of to-morrow? The roots of civilization are too long to be withered by hate or blasted by bombs. It is up to us to preserve the finer things of life.

All over the world boys and girls are clamouring to do their part. In the

(Continued on page 41)



RED CROSS EXECUTIVE

First Row—Kay Kalbfleisch, Connie Dillon, Betty Vice, Maureen Thur, Bette Dillon.

Second Row—Betty Schaefer, Margaret Lutz, Erma Gingrich, Kathleen Lorch, Helen Roberts, Alice Henrich.

Third Row—Ross Weichel, Ralph Robbins, Murray Heinbuch, Albert Lorch.

ATHLETIC SOCIETY

Front Row—Erma Martin, Shirley Good, Vivian Cooper, Marie Simmons, Miss Axford, Beverly Shurly.

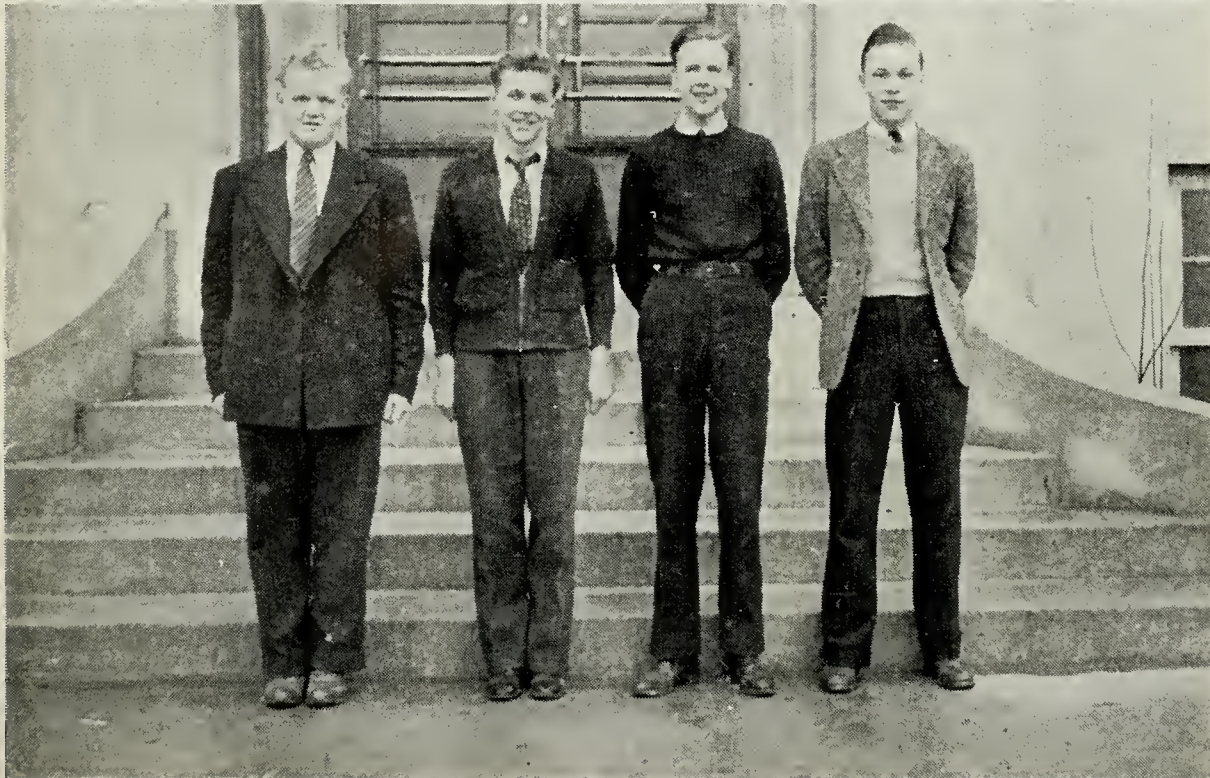
Back Row—Howard Good, Bill Arnold, John Arnold, Carl Schuett, Jack Allgeier.

Do You Remember?

CANDID CAMERA SHOTS



A dense collage of black and white photographs from the 1940s, featuring students in various settings: outdoors in nature, in school uniforms, in formal attire, and in candid moments. The photos are arranged in a grid-like fashion, overlapping and showing different aspects of student life.



GRADE XI GIRLS' BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

Margaret Brubacher, Beverly Shurly, Kay Kalbfleisch, Ruth Klinck, Betty Vice,
Lucille Niergarth, Esther Soehner, Ruth Mulholland.

GRADE XI BASKETBALL CHAMPS

Clifford Gingrich, Donald Huehn, Roland Borchardt, John Arnold



The Gypsy Rover

An entirely different type of entertainment was given at the commencement this year in the form of a romantic musical comedy "The Gypsy Rover". The setting is in England in the time of George III, the first act taking place in a gypsy camp and the second and third acts in a nobleman's castle. This required a complete change of scenery and of costumes between acts. In the first act the chorus and leads were sturdy gypsies, who in the second and third acts changed into dignified court attendants. To perform this change the committees had to do double duty, working on two sets of costumes and two scenes. Two of the musical numbers were rendered in the melodrama of that time as was much of the acting of the robber leads.

Three specialty dances in charge of Marie Simmons and Betty Yanchus formed added attractions. The accompaniment was provided by Alice Henrich and Mildred Mohr at the pianos and Mrs. Currie at the violin. Vivian Hoffer, standing backstage, eyes glued to the book, found little chance to prompt the cast, which included Margaret Lutz, Glenn Watson, Betty Vice, Albert Lorch, James Vice, Dorothy Hill, Bruce Ruppel, Ian Marr, Bernice Krupp, Ralph Robbins, Floyd Henrich, Ross Weichel and Glenn Plant. The directors, Miss McDonagh, in charge of acting, costumes, property, and make-up, Miss Evans, in charge of wigs and

music, and Mr. Hobden in charge of music, together succeeded in making our musical comedy something to remember.

Due to the splendid cast, the directors, and the committees it was a decided success. —KATHLEEN KALBFLEISCH

Behind The Scenes!

Practically everyone has sat in an audience and enjoyed watching a play, but I don't believe everyone has been in one. Have you? If you have, you will know what takes place.

I thought there was nothing to it until this year I had the privilege of having a very small part in the chorus of the operetta, and so to you who have not been in a play I shall try to bring the setting, not as seen from the audience, but "the scenes behind the scenes".

Long before the play, or rather operetta as it was this year, is staged, there is much rehearsing and costume-making; there are many chorus practices, property meetings and the like. It takes a long time for the voices to become trained and all seems to go finely until, about two or three weeks before the commencement, some lead or other is snowbound or else half the chorus break out in mumps and head colds.

The costume committee does well until the last week or so and they begin the last fittings. Then—oh dear! some costumes are too small, others too big—what on earth to do! That one will never fit and anyway, so and so still

hasn't a jacket, but there isn't any more material anyway. Also someone discovers the robbers' costumes are all one size and must be altered. Then there is that final search of the school for that long-lost vest someone was so generous as to take home and sew. Finally the last week everyone seems to be fitted with some sort of thing or other and everyone heaves a sigh of relief — Ah!

But wait, all those white stockings haven't been gathered. Oh, but worst of all those wigs! Some slow pokes still haven't them finished, and curls are forever falling and tearing. "And will someone please help me with this night-cap? I'm stuck and terribly hot."

Now the property committee is on the rampage and making pleas of "Please, has anyone an odd-looking sort of table?" — which of course no one has ever seen. Then they ask for some chairs centuries out of date and probably only lurking in some museum. The picturesque back drop is well looked after by the property committee, with especial thanks to a well-known Elmira painter. Then to the surprise of most of us, the committee has a real grass carpet that looks like the real McCoy. Also I might here state, the lighting committee deserves three cheers, for producing what really did look like dawn and moonlight.

The most difficult part is to get the cast of sixty rounded up and arrange practices to suit everybody. You may say this is impossible, but we did it through our faithful and hard-working directors—and of course our pianists can make two pianos with the aid of a violin really worth hearing.

We also must not forget those who slave over the make-up, and also the cast in the dialogue part, who stay up long hours studying speeches. Then the leads sing and sing, until hoarseness overcomes most of them, leaving very little voice.

But, I really must confess, I believe we should do the same all over again for the sake of experience.

—MARGARET BRUBACHER, XI

The Annual High School Commencement

The annual High School Commencement was held on March 12 and 13 at 7.30 p.m. The musical comedy, "The Gypsy Rover", was presented to a full house on both nights and met with outstanding success.

The chairman of the High School Board, Mr. A. H. Vice, was chairman for the commencement exercises. On Friday night commercial and intermediate certificates, and proficiency scholarship prizes were awarded by the chairman and Mr. Currie.

Commercial certificates were presented to the following who completed the special one-year course last term: Gertrude Baechler, Norma Beitz, Theresa Jordan, Margaret Martin, Orma Stevens, June Weichel, Grace Woods, Dorothy Mulholland, Bernice Thur and Bruce Ruppel.

Two year commercial certificates were awarded to Lorne Bolger, Audrey Burnett, John McCormick, Kathleen Bolender, Ruth Playford and Murray Pommer.

Proficiency Scholarships were presented to the following:

Grade IX Kathleen Lorch
Donor—Literary Society

Grade X Betty Vice
Donor—E. M. Arnold

Grade XI Alice Henrich
Donor—A. H. Vice

Grade XII Arthur Weichel
Donor—G. Hollinger

Grade XIII Donald Freeman
Donor—G. E. Currie

Grade XI Commercial ... Stanley Deckert
Donor—A. H. Vice

Grade XII and
Special Commercial Bernice Thur
Donor—Blair's Drug Store

Grade IX and X
Special Agriculture George Snider
Donor—Albert Seiling

All Grades Penmanship ... Connie Dillon
Donor—Ulliot's Drug Store

All Grades—Best All Round Student
—Eleanor Arnold

Woodall Floral Gardens Cup

Donor—G. Woodall

Student showing greatest improvement
in Lower School during the year

—Kersanta Lipnicki

Student showing greatest improvement
in Upper School during the year

Donor—High School Board

—Ralph Robbins

Donor—High School Board

The following students received intermediate certificates: John Arnold, Betty Bechtold, Roland Borchardt, Margaret Brubacher, Clifford Gingrich, Alice Hahn, Donald Huehn, Kathleen Kalbfleisch, Ruth Klinck, Bernice Krupp, Kersanta Lipnicki, Walter Metzger, Ross Mulholland, Lucille Niergarth, Leonard Ruppel, Mary Ruth, Jean Seiling, Thelma Uberig, Elizabeth Vice, Helen Voll, Mary Woznuck, Jean Weber, and George Snider.

Intermediate Commercial certificates were awarded to Jean Adams, Betty Kraemer, Gloria Long, Harold Ritter, Robert Ruggle, Mildred Weigel and LaVerne Wittick.

Mr. R. H. Carbert, a board member, presented the honour graduation diplomas on Saturday night.

Graduation diplomas were presented to Ralph Brubacher, Howard Good, Murray Hilliard, Stewart Huehn, Wilma Klinck, Mildred Mohr, Bruce Ruppel, Arthur Weichel, and Elizabeth Yanchus.

Audrey Burnett received a commercial graduation diploma.

Honour Graduation diplomas were awarded to Eleanor Arnold, Stanley Beisel, Donald Freeman, Ruby Gies, Louis Klinck, Patrick Morris, David Rowland, and Orma Stevens.

The following students had subjects added: William Arnold, Audrey Hahn, Mary Howard, Helen Karley, Keith Keller, Douglas McKay, and Elizabeth Schummer.

Mary Howard, the valedictorian, delivered the farewell address on behalf of the graduating class.

—KATHLEEN KALBFLEISCH

What girl and boy wasn't happy when the Cafeteria Club was organized and the Kitchen Cafeteria was opened at the beginning of January? Hot dishes were again served at noon to the rural students. Tempting dishes, such as baked apples, baked potatoes, macaroni and cheese, chili concarni, soups and crackers, and cocoa were served at a maximum price of five cents.

Despite the rationing, the club has been able to carry on very well, and we're sure that the hot dishes were enjoyed by all. —KATHLEEN LORCH

The Supreme Sacrifice

*A tiny child with curly head
Was kneeling by her little bed,
A mother, near the window stood
In lonely and in thoughtful mood.*

*Somewhere, on that still summer's night,
Upon the ocean, foamy white,
A battleship of dismal grey
Rocked beneath the moon's soft ray.*

*Aboard that ship a commander bold,
Dreamed of how he once did fold
To his own breast, his wife and child.
These thoughts were hushed by billows
wild.*

*The sailors scanned the dark'ning skies,
But clouds were all that met their eyes,
So down below the deck they went:
To read and talk they were content.*

*They did not know the murky sea
Held danger that was yet to be,
Until it came—a crash, and then
Utmost silence reigned again.*

*Two little hands were folded tight,
A little head bowed and eyes so bright
Closed, as a young child said in prayer,
“Dear God, bless daddy over there.”*

*No more will he clasp them to his
breast,*

*No more will their kisses to his lips be
pressed,*

*For daddy has given his life, that they
Might live in peace and liberty.*

—ALICE HENRICH, XII

ATHLETICS

SECTION



Basketball

To-night, Friday, April 2, we have finished our basketball competition, and we feel that this project has been a great success all the way through. It was a success for the simple reason that every person was fighting for his form, not only those students who played but also those who cheered their forms on from the balconies. Take away these cheering supporters, and you rob the game of fifty per cent of its enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm was at its greatest to-night. Grades IXB, X and XI finished the schedule in a tie for first place. To decide the winner, Grade X and XI boys played off, Grade X enjoying the advantage of a 15-point handicap because they were playing out of their class. Grade XI boys won this game 37-27, and so Grade XI girls played IXB girls. As IXB too, were playing out of their class, a handicap of 25 points was imposed on the senior team. Grade XI won 35-33 in the most exciting game this year.

The students of this year's Grade XI have won the shield for two consecutive years. They won it last year when the field meet decided the winner. The girls of this form have without doubt the best girls' team. Theirs is a well-balanced team with such a number of good players that their team should remain intact, as strong as ever, for the rest of their school days, even if two or three of these do not complete their five years

of high school. Grade XI boys also held their own for their form. They won the hardest boys' game when they beat Grade X, and they, along with Grade X, played one of the best games of the year.

Some mention should be made of these Grade X boys. They seemed a bit dejected after they lost to Grade XI. They should look on the brighter side of things. First, in this final game they got away from their usual rough game which featured individual play instead of teamwork. Thus they have proved that they can play real basketball. Second, they have the best balanced team in the school, and with the knowledge of basketball, and the speed, and the height which they will gain between now and this time next year they will be a serious threat to Grade XI even without a handicap.

Certainly we must not forget IXB girls. They lost to Grade XI, 35-33, but they made Grade XI play harder than they ever played before and probably harder than they will play for some time to come. This team, also, should give a good account of itself in future years.

On the whole, I do not believe anyone can complain about to-night's play-offs. Grade XI won. They played well and they played hard—they deserved to win. Grade IXB and Grade X played well and they played hard—that is what counts.

—WILLIAM ARNOLD, XIII

Can it be that this is why basketball has made such a hit in E.H.S. lately?

(Our sympathy is extended to the future students of Grade IX, who will now have, not five, but six reform bills to learn).

Reform Bill No. 6

April 1, 1943

GRADE XII

ITEM 1.

1. That we agree not to argue with
 - (a) the referees
 - (b) the opposing players
2. That we agree the referee's judgment is final.

ITEM 2.

That we agree to play clean, forward basketball (no roughstuff).

Signed

Albert Lerch

Ralph Robbins

Floyd Henrich

Edward O'Krahan

James Vice

P.S.—(no foolin')

Badminton

This winter badminton was almost at a standstill, the operetta and basketball taking precedence in the gymnasium. Two social evenings, however, with about twenty-eight badminton enthusiasts, were enjoyed.

The Student's Part of the War

(Continued from page 32)

countries occupied by our enemies the part played by youth is cruel and grim. In the free countries we are trying to be useful while we continue to carry on our studies. All over the country Training Courses have been mapped out and are being followed. Boys are learning such things as aircraft recognition, small arms, chemical warfare, field craft, navigation, mathematics, the theory of flight, and wireless. Physical fitness is now a major demand.

Girls too are busy. They assist in salvage campaigns and serve and assist in war charities. They knit socks enough to stretch from here to the Hebrides, and invest their pocket money in War Savings Stamps. They do Red Cross work, take first-aid classes, give time as councillors to camps for the underprivileged, and, in some schools, they even take a modified form of drill.

Many of our boys and girls are giving their treasured summer holiday months to help increase food production by serving in the Farm Service Force. There is also another way in which both boys and girls can serve. Of course we all think of the lads and lasses fighting this war for us, but how often do we write to them, now that they are scattered all the way from Iceland to Madagascar? Here is one sure way to show our appreciation—keep up a steady flow of newsy, cheerful letters, the sort that are the greatest of all safeguards against homesickness. Let's write often and regularly!

We, the rising generation, hold in our hands the world of to-morrow. It is to preserve culture, art, and true religion in that world that our girls and boys are fighting—are giving their lives. They're giving the sacred trust to us, they believe that we will carry on for them. May we be worthy of it—may we fight to win our daily struggle as they, too, fight to win.

—VIVIAN HOFFER, XIII



FRANÇAIS



La faible du voyageur juif

On dit que quand notre Sauveur portait la croix au Calvaire, il resta pendant un moment pour se reposer chez un marchand, qui le chassa en disant: "Va-t-en! Va-t-en! Tu ne peux pas y rester." Alors Jésus-Christ releva la croix et il dit: "Je vais à mon repos, mais vous devez toujours voyager jusqu'à ce que je revienne."

Ainsi le marchand fut changé en le voyageur juif qui ne trouvera le repos que quand notre Sauveur reviendra sur la terre au jour de jugement. L'impreinte d'une croix rouge apparut sur sa figure et le juif quitta sa femme et ses enfants et suivit Jésus-Christ au Calvaire. Puis il partit de Jérusalem et commença son long pèlerinage étrange.

Loin et plus loin alla-t-il; un va-nu-pieds, un grand vieillard, les cheveux tombant sur les épaules, et avec une bande noire autour de sa tête pour cacher la marque de la croix rouge. Et il voyage maintenant, au-dessous des montagnes, et dans les vallées. Il n'âge jamais; et toujours il a des expériences.

En 1805, un homme en Bohême qui s'appellait Kokot tâchait de découvrir un trésor que son grand-père avait caché. Quand il avait beau creuser ici et là, sans plan et sans espoir, le juif passa devant lui. Il dit au Bohémien, "Votre grand-père a enterré le trésor la dernière fois que je passais par ici. Si je ne me trompe pas, il l'a enterré là, sous ce mur." Alors Kokot y creusa et il y trouva le trésor. Il était bien content, mais avant qu'il puisse remercier le voyageur juif, le pèlerin étrange s'en était allé de sa vue.

Ainsi, nous voyons qu'il doit toujours voyager. Mais on lui donne quelque repos. S'il passe devant une église chrétienne quand l'office divin com-

mence, il peut entrer et y rester debout et écouter le sermon, mais quand il est fini, il lui faut commencer à voyager encore une fois. Mais quand Jésus-Christ reviendra sur la terre, le pèlerinage étrange du voyageur juif finira.

—JOHN ROWLAND, XII

Répondez à la droite en français aux questions à la gauche. On n'est pas obligé de mettre le même nombre de lettres en tous les mots.

Par exemple:—

un comte	d.....c
	ce serait DUC
à ce moment	m.....t
	ce serait MAINTENANT

- | | |
|--|---------|
| 1. S'est vrai | V.....D |
| 2. ce n'est pas un ami | E.....I |
| 3. comment il s'appelle | N.....M |
| 4. une île à l'embouchure
d'un fleuve | D.....A |
| 5. ce n'est pas quelque
chose | R.....N |
| 6. un bandit | E.....C |
| 7. chance (en revers) | D.....H |
| 8. pays en forme d'un
soulier | I.....E |

(Les réponses à la page 56)

Avez-vous entendu parler de la petite île qui croyait qu'elle était la fille de sa mère?

Avez-vous entendu parler du petit fou, qui était si timide qu'il était obligé d'entrer dans une armoire pour changer de ses pensées?

—JOHN ROWLAND, XII



Hallowe'en Party

On the dark, gloomy night of October 30, the Elmira High School was the scene of a hilarious Hallowe'en party. The stage was very spooky looking with pumpkin faces grinning mysteriously, and a huge yellow moon in the sky, in front of which witches flew hither and thither on broom sticks.

Costumes lent themselves to the eeriness of the occasion. Grass skirts and corn stalks added the inflammableness of the gym, Indians lurked in dark corners with hatchets held high, and Colonial ladies mingled with gypsies and clowns. The most original costume was a pleated Star Weekly, the comic section holding the interest of most.

Upstairs in Room 2 Miss MacVicar took charge of the games. Relays were played with Indian clubs with the lucky winners receiving kisses from Miss MacVicar (candy, we hope). Downstairs Glenn Watson threw some to the right and some to the left, everyone ending up with a partner in the Paul Jones. Mrs. D. Cale led a Conga Line in which everyone took part and soon learned the one, two, three, kick (mostly the kick). The initiation was enjoyed by all except those who drank a new brand of ginger ale invented by our promising chemists. —KATHLEEN KALBFLEISCH
BETTY VICE

The Christmas Dance

During December the halls were simply buzzing with plans for the annual Christmas Dance. Finally the week of Friday the eighteenth arrived and the decorating committee swung right in gathering the small Christmas trees which adorned the balcony rail. They came out with a most brilliant idea this year, having huge red candles alternately along the balcony with the miniature trees. The traditional big trees—minus lights due to wartime regulations—were on each side of the stage standing guard on Bob Donnelle's favourite orchestra, to which students and guests danced. A huge E. H. S. evergreen wreath, also a brain-wave of the committee, bedecked the back wall.

Every one had a wonderful time and went home happy.

—MARG. BRUBACHER, XI

Activities Curtailed

Owing to the war, our social activities have been considerably curtailed, and our school clubs reduced in number. The new defence course, the shortened school year, and rationing . . . all have had a part in shifting the emphasis.

LATIN

Etiam Regina Errorem Facere Potest

Regina Elizabeth novos milites in R. A. F. Americanos et Canadienses inspiciebat. Ante puerum sex pedes longum stetit Sua Majestas.

"Omnes vos Canadienses videntur esse viri alti." amice dixit illa.

"Tua Majestas" respondit "in Anglia natus sum."

Regina jugulum (throat) claravit, rogavit virum inter copias Americanas unde esset "Birmingham" dixit.

Regina meminit virum Canadiensem qui non erat Canadiensis et cito.

"Ibi" inquit "fui."

"Non, ma'am," respondit, "ah come fum Birmingham in Alabama."

Umquam audivistisne de parvo homine stulto qui cepit ad lecticam scalas secum ut mane surgere posset?

Puzzle

I	C	there
U	A	shadow
L	E	slowly
I	S	fire
U	A	beyond
S	R	sister

(See page 56 for answers)

Cur Mussolini sudarium (handkerchief) album portat? Id solum est in quad ille ponere suum nasum potest nisi Hitlerem consuluit.

Proverbia

Numquam bonum fuit bellum neque mala pax.

Verba sunt feminae; acta sunt viri.

Amicus in necessitate est vere amicus.

Bene factum est melius quam bene dictum.

ASSIGNMENT IN BRITANNY

"Assignment in Brittany" by Helen MacInnes is one of the outstanding war novels of the year. It is a story of espionage in occupied France.

Bertrand Corlay, a French soldier, had escaped from Dunkirk to England, where he lay wounded in a hospital. Martin Hearne, an Englishman, resembled Corlay exactly and was taught to become as much like him in character as possible. After having achieved this to the best of his ability, Hearne was dropped down by means of a parachute in Northern France with one idea in view—to investigate how and when the Nazis intended to use the French coast. He made his way to St. Deodat, Corlay's home town, and was accepted by the invalid, Mrs. Corlay, as her long-absent son. Within a short time the Nazis occupied the little village placing soldiers on guard and posting their swastikas everywhere. But complications arose—not only did Hearne fall in love with Ann, Corlay's fiancée, but he had to endure many hardships and even imprisonment in concealing his work from the Germans.

The novel ends with Hearne escaping from Brittany, heading for England with his work completed, and feeling assured that he had done his part for his home land—Great Britain.

—BETTY SCHUMMER, XIII

JOKUS — Olim erat parva puella quae semper stolas limosas (muddy) habebat, quod in locis limosis ludebat. Uno die mater ei dixit "Te interficiam, si in limosis locis iterum ludes?"

Tamen postridie parva puella in limosis locis ludebat et limosa fiebat.

Mater eam interfecit.

OUR GRADUATES

Academic



IAN MARR

"A good wind blows nobody bad" was the case when Ian blew in from Kitchener. He has helped to foster farm spirit, and has given Grade XIII a kind of thirst for learning, through asking questions in class. This getting to the bottom of things, plus his determination, should take him far.



BETTY SCHUMMER

Betty has always been a good sport and an energetic student and will always rate high in our list of E.H.S. friendships. She is a pleasing conversationalist and sympathetic listener. Whether she serves her country as a farmerette or in keeping up the morale, we wish her every success!



BILL ARNOLD

Bill is very active in sports and athletics in and out of school. He is one of the E.H.S. students who have volunteered for active service in the air force. Bill's ability to make friends quickly and his devotedness to whatever he does have made him popular with all the students.



WILMA KLINCK

"Mickey" is that little girl of Grade XIII with the jolly sense of humour. Her schoolwork is really "super", especially her French. She is the Year Book's energetic treasurer and has contributed greatly to every school function. Although your vocation remains unchosen, whatever it is, we are rooting for you, Mickey.



HOWARD GOOD

Howard Good is as good as his name. He is a true and honest friend who is full of happiness, and always looking on the bright side of life. Although unexpected incidents may mar his path, he overcomes them without being discouraged. Because of his determination we know he will make a success in life.



BETTY YANCHUS

Betty is the student who can be identified by her pleasant face and cheery smile. Besides her outstanding ability for learning, she has great musical skill. Betty has been a great leader in all school activities and has been editor of "The Oracle" for two consecutive years. Congratulations, Betty!



MURRAY HILLIARD

You all know Murray with his ever-present smile and his readiness to assist in any of the tasks the teachers assign to him. Murray is the school's fur farmer and he plans on following this occupation upon completing his studies at E.H.S. We know you will succeed, Murray.

OUR GRADUATES



BRUCE RUPPEL

Our erstwhile cheer-leader (avec moustachio) was particularly essential to Grade XIII's basketball prowess and he infused the whole school with his good nature. Good luck, Bruce! We're sure you'll go far in anything you tackle.



MILDRED MOHR

"Midge", as we all call her, certainly can play the piano and as a result helped make "The Gypsy Rover" a great success. She is our only true "blonde" in fifth. Could that be what makes her so attractive. We shall always remember her. Success in whatever career you may choose, Midge!



STEWART HUEHN

Stewart's blithe personality and A-1 co-operation have made him popular at E.H.S. Whether solving deductions, playing games, or conversing with his comrades, one is impressed with his thoroughness, sportsmanship and tactfulness. We wish you success, Stewart, in whatever occupation you choose as a life vocation.



VIVIAN HOFFER

Here's to our Grade XIII sprite—Vivian, whose happy smile and sunny sayings have brightened each day at E.H.S.; whose executive and oratorical abilities have made her a leader in all school activities; whose sportsmanship and friendliness make her a grand girl and one who will succeed whatever her vocation may be.



RALPH BRUBACHER

We will all soon miss Ralph very much as he has already joined up with the R.C.A.F. This will just fall in Ralph's line as he has taken a great interest in physics and mathematics. Much of the commencement's success was due to his lighting ability, and we are sure he will be otherwise successful too.



VIVIAN COOPER

Vivian was a newcomer to Elmira this year, but her good sportsmanship and friendly ways made her a favourite immediately. We have really enjoyed having her with us, and we wish her the best of luck as she leaves us to start her course in Home Economics at Toronto.



BUCK

of our class. Such a mathematician is "Buck" now ninety-nine on a paper, something must be credited to the local hockey team and is a enthusiast. He has been president of the past year. We wish "Buck" luck in

OUR GRADUATES

*Picture
Not
Available*

AUDREY HAHN

I am sure we all welcomed Audrey when she came back to after New Year's. Her pleasant quiet manner has won her many friends. Whatever profession you choose, Audrey, we wish success.

*Picture
Not
Available*

HELMA MORRIS

Helma came to Elmira High School from Drayton two years ago. Her kindly nature has won her many warm friends. She is very fond of dancing and music. Her Irish smile will go a long way toward making her life the success we all wish for her!

Commercial



MILDRED WEIGEL

Everyone in the commercial class will remember Mildred. With her pleasing personality she has been able to win many friends. She is always smiling and full of fun. With these abilities we are sure that she will be a success in whatever she chooses to do in the future.



STANLEY DECKERT

Stan will always be remembered as our little six-foot lad from Linwood. He is our champion speed typist and hockey player, the pride of Linwood's famous hockey team. Lots of luck, Stan; we know that your pleasing personality and many talents will carry you anywhere. May the greatest success be yours.



GLORIA LONG

Gloria can always be remembered by all. She gets along with everyone. What her ambitions are we do not know, but we are sure Gloria's future will be a success. So, good luck, Gloria! And as one of "Our Specials"—Success!



LLOYD MULHOLLAND

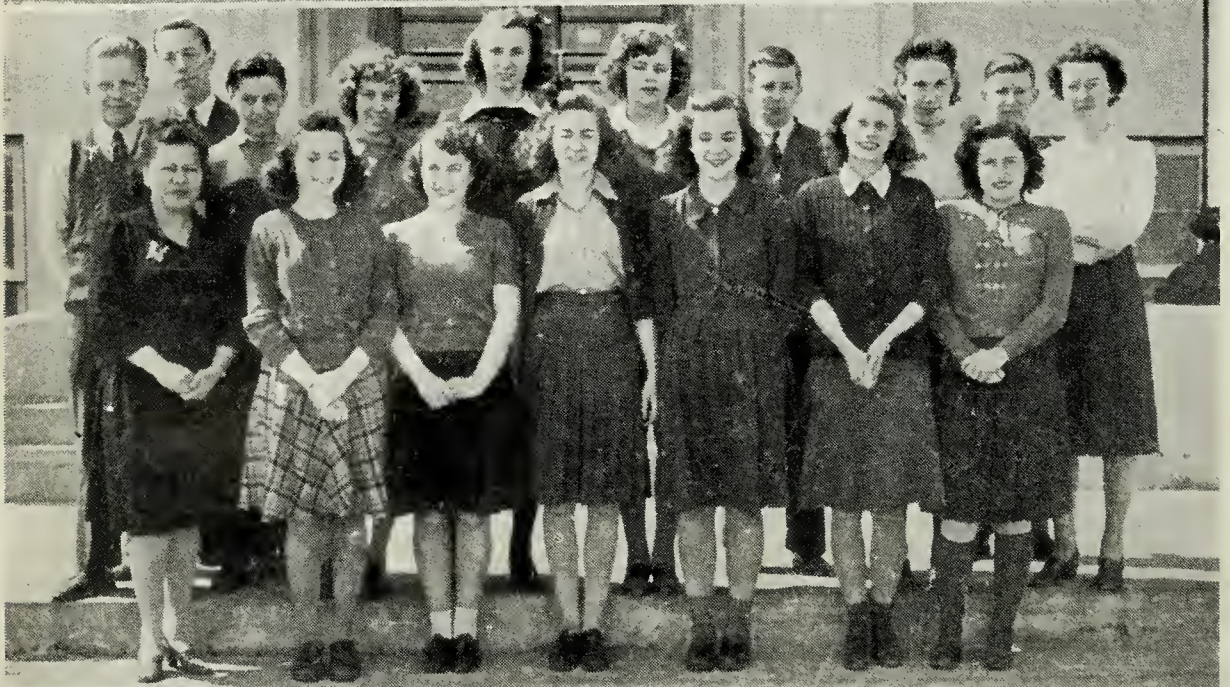
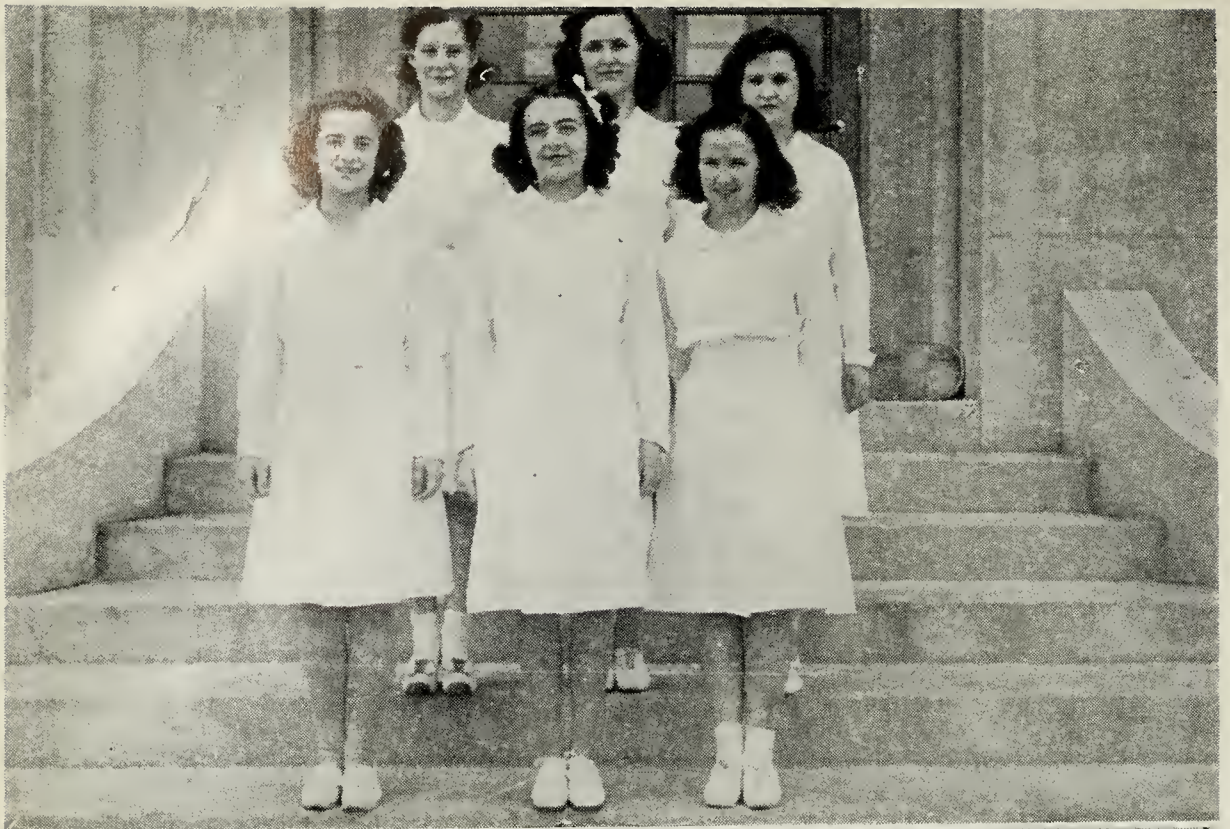
Everyone will remember Lloyd. As business manager of the Year Book, he has played an active part in its publication. Through his willingness to help anyone in need, he has won many friends. Whatever vocation he chooses success is bound to be his. Here's wishing you the best of luck in everything, Lloyd!



ISABEL COOPER

This commercial student is always rather quiet, especially in typing. But she always call on "Isabel" for success be yours!

Remember Isabel. She was always there, and she was having difficulty could she may choose to do, may





FORM NEWS



Last Will and Testament of Grade 13

In the year 1943 A.D. we, the students of Grade 13 of the E.H.S., do hereby give and bequeath:

1. The Gratifying experience of standing in the last row in assembly.

2. The Right to enjoy classes under our principal and form teacher who will guide you on the straight and narrow path.

3. The Alarming sense of panic in the face of Departmentals.

4. The Difficulty of doing sufficient homework to please all the teachers.

5. The Eternal sleepy feeling on a Monday morning.

6. The Tact with which to escape the discovery of a lesson not learned.

7. The Honour of tenderly caring for and building up the morale of the teachers whose nerves have been shattered by our noisy form.

8. The Incredible speed with which we arrived for our various classes.

9. The Reassuring grin on our happy faces as we attempted to restore our teacher's equilibrium.

10. The Tireless efforts of chewing gum without being noticed.

11. The Eager spirit of rivalry which predominated throughout the whole series of basketball games during which the Grade 13 girls won every game. (?)

12. The Efforts of the overworked students to maintain their social and their class standing.

13. The Numerous excuses to refrain from making posters, cleaning sinks, doing homework, etc.

Sunshine Sketches of Grade 13

Can you see Misses Axford and Evans patiently enduring our "wandering" boys during Trig. and French periods?

Will Miss Evans eventually buy a wheel-barrow for Bruce Ruppel?

Is basting a turkey sewing up the stuffings? Ask Stewart Huehn!

Why do all our boys in the Services come home the same week-end? Surely their officers realize that this arrangement makes it embarrassing for certain girls in Grade 13.

What does C.C.C. stand for, Glenn?

Howard Good—"I wonder what would happen if I mixed H_2SO_4 , $C_{17}H_{35}COOH$, $KMnO_4$, and maybe just a drop of HCL ?" . . . Well, what did happen, Howard?

Grade 13 student (during Trig. exam)
—When a question says "do without tables" does it mean formulae, or just tables not formulae, or just formulae not tables, or does it mean use both? Well, Ian?

The New Deal Girl

A real estate man was trying to sell a modern girl a house. Here is the reply she gave him:

"A home? Why do I need a home? I was born in a hospital, educated in a college, courted in an automobile, and married in a church. I live out of a delicatessen and paper bags; I spend my mornings on a golf course, my afternoons at a bridge table, and my evenings at the movies; and when I die I am going to be buried from the undertaker's. All I need is a garage."

Commercial

We Wonder Why . . .

. . . Helen Roberts likes boarding in town. Maybe there's some attraction. Maybe it's the Link Belt. Who knows?

. . . Willard Martin likes going to shows alone. Maybe he doesn't come back alone.

. . . Alice Gies doesn't like talking in the room. Maybe it's because she always thought she was getting the mumps.

. . . Harold Ritter always sat at the back of the room. Could it be that he was rather shy because of the girls at the front?

. . . Marion Pirie likes speaking louder than the rest of the little "dears". Could it be she's trying to get in well with the teacher?

. . . Lloyd Mulholland never wanted to go advertising to Kitchener alone. Could it be he wanted one of his female advertisers to go with him?

. . . LaVerne could never make up his mind to take one girl to a show instead of three. Could it be he liked them all?

. . . George Snider was always hot when we were freezing. Was it because he always wore about a dozen sweaters?

. . . Robert Ruggle left school at Christmas to work in his dad's store. Was it only help shortage?

. . . Stan Deckert changed his direction to Kitchener instead of Hesson. Could it be the roads are better or did he get tired of walking?

. . . Betty Schummer might change her mind about going down to the fruit country. It couldn't be because someone has left that district, or could it???

. . . Gloria Long rumples Stan's hair every time she gets a chance. Maybe it is the name "Stan".

. . . Lillian Paine changed from Grade XI to Com. She must think it's easier to type letters than to write them.

. . . Mildred Weigel likes typing period better than any other period. Could it be she sits nearer a certain person than at any other time?

. . . Isabel Cooper doesn't mind going on to Linwood at nights instead of getting off at Macton. Could it be she likes the car ride?????

. . . Miss Boland never gets the names of her little Commercial "dears" straight.

Of the above list, there are Harold Ritter, LaVerne Wittich, Robert Ruggle, George Snider, and Willard Martin, who have left our Commercial. We all wish them the best of luck.

—HELEN ROBERTS
BETTY SCHUMMER
ISABEL COOPER

Reichards'

The Store with a Complete Stock of

GENERAL DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES

We Appreciate Your Patronage

Get - it - at - Reichards'

PHONE 307

ELMIRA

Grade XII News

"G" is for Glenn who's part time in our class,
 "R" is for John who's a wizard in maths.
 "A" is for Albert whom everyone knows,
 "D" is for Donald who comes from Montrose,
 "E" is for someone whom nobody knows.
 "T" is for Thelma who's short, dark, and sweet,
 "W" for Ross Weichel, whose smiles none can beat.
 "E" is for Elmer, a St. Jacobs boy,
 "L" is for Carl who's brimful with joy.
 "V" — Miss MacVicar, our teacher so grand,
 "E" is our home town, the best in the land.
 "E" is for Evelyn, our petite chestnut-haired gal,
 "L" is for Lutz, Marg sure makes a grand pal.
 "M" is for Marge who's all wool and a yard wide.
 "I" is a letter we just couldn't hide.
 "R" is for Ralph who never fails us in plays,
 "A" is for Alice whose music we praise.
 "H" for Floyd Henrich whose smiles won him fame,
 "I" for Marie Simmons, — there are two in her name,
 "G" is for Gim — but it's spelled with a "J",
 "H" is for Hill, Dorothy's singing's Okay.
 "S" — Phyllis Stickney who can always take a joke,
 "C" is for Connie — an ardent lover of "coke".
 "H" is for Heinbuch — Murray has super curls,
 "O" is O'Krafka, termed "cute" by the girls.
 "O" is for — no, just ignore it, I guess;
 "L" is for Lyle whose quiet presence we'd miss.

This is the end of the poem of our grade,
 I hope upon you an impression we've made.

—CONNIE DILLON
 JOHN ROWLAND

WILLIAM CLARK

BARRISTER
 SOLICITOR
 NOTARY

ELMIRA

ONTARIO

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 Leading Weekly*

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BARRISTER - SOLICITOR - NOTARY PUBLIC

ELMIRA

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MARTIN'S CHOPPING MILL

ELI MARTIN, Proprietor

POULTRY FEEDS A SPECIALTY

FLOUR

-

-

ALL KINDS OF FEEDS AND SEEDS

CUSTOM MIXING AND CHOPPING

Grade XI Jingle

Once upon a time, many years ago, there lived a little boy whose name was Nicholas, but his parents and friends loved him so much that they called him Nicki. Nicki lived in a poor village that nestled serenely *Berneath* a fair and stately *Cliff*, *Neir Garth*, a famous town o'*Voll'd*. Nicki's father, *Arnold* man, earned his living in a curious way. First he was a baker, but, more important, he had hidden away in a cavern of the *Cliff*, a still in which he would brew him famous *Ginrickies*. Thus the name of *Bru Baker* was brought into the world.

Nicki, however, *Woznuk* old enough to help his father. When he was asked about his father's *Vice*, he would neither *Len* an ear nor *Soehner* do anything to give the secret away. Calmly he would go on *Seiling* his little boat, watching

it *Roland* toss over the *Ruppels* of the pond near his home. At times, Nicki would try to evade the questions of the strangers who were *Huehn* and *Hahn*, trying to find out the location of the still. *Shurly* this was too profitable a *Vice* for one man! Finally they would turn away with, "None of your *Lip*, *Nicki*." "O'*Kay*," answered Nicki." Guess where Nicki's father ended up? You guessed it! In the *Klinck*.

Walter, Donald Koebel, Ross—
For rhyme we're simply at a loss—
Would not fit into the jingle
As easily as a name like Pringle;
As for Bechtold, Uberig, and Ruth
To make them rhyme we'd need a sleuth;
And Rita McMahon we mustn't forget—
She's one of the nicest we've yet met.

GRADE XI



Jean

John

Jean and John

have turned from Algebra to clothes problems and are now scheming to get down to Kitchener to Goudies Department Store.

JOHN LIKES the roomy, cheery Boys' Shop in the King Street Basement. Everything a boy needs to wear featured there—everything from hat to shoes.

JEAN LIKES the Girls' Floor and the Fashion Displays on the Queen Street Floor.

BOTH LIKE going to the Soda Fountain for a snack after visiting around the big store, or having dinner in state with Mom and Pop in the Maple Dining Rooms. It's fun taking a trip to Goudies, Kitchener's Modern Department Store.

S. S. MARTIN

Lumber - Shingles - Coal - Wood - Apple Butter

SAW MILL and CIDER MILL

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LAYING MASH - GROWING MASH - CHICK STARTER
FOX RATIONS - DAIRY FEEDS - PIG STARTER
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HATCHERY 912

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PHONES

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RESIDENCE 459

Robt. Cousineau, Proprietor

Grade X

What Would Happen If . . .

. . . Grade X didn't lead the school in War Savings Stamps sales?
 . . . The West Montrose bus (which includes Mary Kirschner, Ruth Schweitzer, Loraine Lichty, Evelyn Shoemaker, Geraldine Bowman, and Kenneth Israel) would arrive in time for classes?
 . . . Marie Zinger wasn't active in athletics?
 . . . William Aberle let a muskrat escape his trap?
 . . . Irene Hain couldn't answer a question?
 . . . Evelyn Brubacher couldn't draw?
 . . . Grace Martin and Susanna Brubacher were not school chums?
 . . . John Heinbuch wasn't an ardent hockey fan?
 . . . Fun and laughter deserted Doreen Fries?
 . . . There was something Edward Hill didn't know about aeroplanes?
 . . . Adeline Eby talked in class?
 . . . Kathleen Lorch answered the letters of her pen pals immediately.
 . . . Mary Herzog forgot to sell war savings stamps?
 . . . Glenn Plant didn't take a fatherly interest in the pupils of Grade X?
 . . . Maureen Thur didn't do her "good deed for the day"?
 . . . Shirley Cunningham had untidy books?
 . . . Robert Klinck couldn't make a Latin prize project?
 . . . Derry Woodall couldn't get along with her classmates?
 . . . Dorothy Smith shrank?
 . . . Graham Lavery wasn't an able salesman in a certain popular store uptown?
 . . . Betty Brown wouldn't lend her blotters?
 . . . Bette Dillon's standing would drop to the bottom of the class?
 . . . Tom Kares wasn't a good captain in Defence Training?
 . . . Henry Sippel wasn't the life of the class?
 . . . Alma Dreisinger wasn't the efficient treasurer of the Cafeteria Club?

. . . Eleanor Slimmon had straight hair?
 . . . Dennis Vines couldn't play hockey?
 . . . Lloyd Martin didn't have such innocent brown eyes?
 . . . June Lutz couldn't play the piano?
 . . . Eleanor Kerrigan had no freckles?
 . . . Billy Rau failed on an exam?
 . . . Arlene Shuh couldn't get along with the teachers?
 . . . Mary Ann Martin couldn't do her Mathematics?
 . . . The St. Jacobs students (Pauline Derbecker, Francis Ritter, Carol Robinson, Gladys Good and Bernice Koehler) arrived an hour late?
 . . . Jean Cunningham didn't have that charming smile?
 . . . Bob Leslie and Erle Martin couldn't get along together?
 . . . Joan Robinson hadn't enjoyed the Moon, Moon Dance in the commencement with a certain dark gentleman from Grade XI?
 . . . Miss McDonagh, our form teacher, was ever unable to help her Latin class?

—KAY LORCH

GRAHAM LAVERY

A Mother's Prayer

Bring back my boy from the scene of battle,

Dear God, bring him back to me.

When victory has borne far and wide our banner,

Bring him back from across the sea.

Grasp tight his hand while he's gone, dear God,

And show him the way that is right,

And ne'er may he waver aside from his duty,

Never die, his spirit to fight.

But some day when all this sad conflict is over,

And peace reigns from sea to sea,

Then may my son come back to his loved ones,

Please God, this one prayer grant to me.

—GRAHAM LAVERY, X

KEY TO FRENCH*On page 42***LES REPONSES:**

1. VALIID
2. ENNEMI
3. NOM
4. DELTA
5. RIEN
6. ESCROC
7. DRASAH
8. ITALIE

KEY TO LATIN*On page 44***SOLUTION**

ILLUC	there
UMBRA	shadow
LENTE	slowly
IGNIS	fire
ULTRA	beyond
SOROR	sister

*Compliments of***LEFTY WEICHEL'S SHOE STORE**

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DOMINION RUBBER FOOTWEAR and CHUMS SHOES

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RES. 380

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Who's Who---Grade 9A

(For answers please turn to page 65)

Key—We give you the initials, which are capitalized in italics; put them together and you have the initials of a 9A pupil.

1. By George, he seems to be getting an *Adam's* apple.
2. Joy is hers when all her *Books* are neatly illustrated.
3. Our present King Goes by his name. His nickname, too, (*Duke*) is of royal *Line*.
4. He's very small, his hair is blond, of a *Girl* in Grade nine he's very fond.
5. This *Jolly* girl from the *Linwood* line, You'll soon agree is very *Fine*.
6. Who is the girl who Seems to be especially *Good* when Grade XII is in the room (perhaps it's because of a banker's son)?
7. We wonder if she'll *Ever* Get to school early.
8. To-morrow you may see him *Going* from house to house selling bread.
9. You can see him *Running* from a bluish green car at two minutes to nine. Oh well, perhaps *Murray* Had a little car trouble again.
10. He certainly *Knows* his music even if his mathematical *Knowledge* isn't plus.
11. *Joe* is your name when you are *Around* a certain *Nine A* pupil.
12. Sometimes he's *Kept* in because he's rather *Dreamy* in class.
13. He has a rather unusual *Grin* when he smiles at a certain teacher *Just* so.
14. Did you ever *Guess* that he came on the *West Montrose* bus?
15. She *Keeps* *Her* long golden locks nicely combed.
16. Hello, *Don*. Would you please send me one dozen tulip *Bulbs* (*C.O.D.*)?
17. By *Jove*, that sister of mine is always *Borrowing* my clothes.
18. Did you ever guess that *He* came from *St. Jacobs*?
19. You'll be *Glad* to get acquainted with her as she always *Keeps* you happy.
20. She seems *Very* good in school but Can we be sure she's not the opposite elsewhere?
21. When she tells a *Joke* she *Giggles* half the day.
22. *Be* like a girl in Grade 9A *Because* she's always gay.
23. When she misses the bus *Her* boss makes a fuss.
24. She's always so *Merry* that you can't help *But* like her.
25. Please, boys, Can't you leave your hands off his books?
26. Although she's not from town you *May* see her skating winter *Eve*-nings.
27. Maybe it's *His* smile but whatever it is it has a winning way.

—VERLIN COPE

JEAN BRUBACHER

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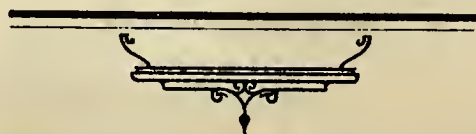
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What Would Grade IX B Be like if . . .

- . . . Irene Malinsky didn't try to make a mathematician out of Paul Schmehl?
 . . . Erma Martin stopped talking and eating candy?
 . . . Gertie Mattusch didn't get her commando lessons from Dave Steele?
 . . . Gloria Meyer stopped to consider the fact that one should be quiet during English periods?
 . . . Donald Meyer didn't fall asleep in history and mathematics periods?
 . . . All the girls didn't vote for Jimmy Miller to be the gallant hero of our plays?
 . . . Jack Moyer brought his pen for penmanship periods?
 . . . Audrey Nelson studied for a history test?
 . . . Jean Niergarth didn't pretend she was such a good girl in school hours?
 . . . Bob Weber could get along with our music teacher?
 . . . Betty Schaefer didn't arrive at twenty-nine minutes after one?
- . . . Paul Schmehl stopped trying to entertain his classmates?
 . . . Ward Schwindt didn't have ink on the back of his neck after business practice period?
 . . . Shirley Seiling would have her home economics projects in on time?
 . . . Martha Steele ever realized that basketball isn't a one-man's game?
 . . . David Steele would stay home at night to study instead of arranging to meet a certain girl from Grade X?
 . . . Delores Snyder never took oaths that she would never like anyone from Linwood?
 . . . Bob Roe would give the correct definition of a preposition after "taking it up" steadily for two weeks?
 . . . Ruth Weismiller failed to do her homework or have her hand up for every question?
 . . . William Whittaker wouldn't *ask* all the questions in French periods instead of *answering* them?

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produced
in our plant



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First Prize
against 500
competitors. . .



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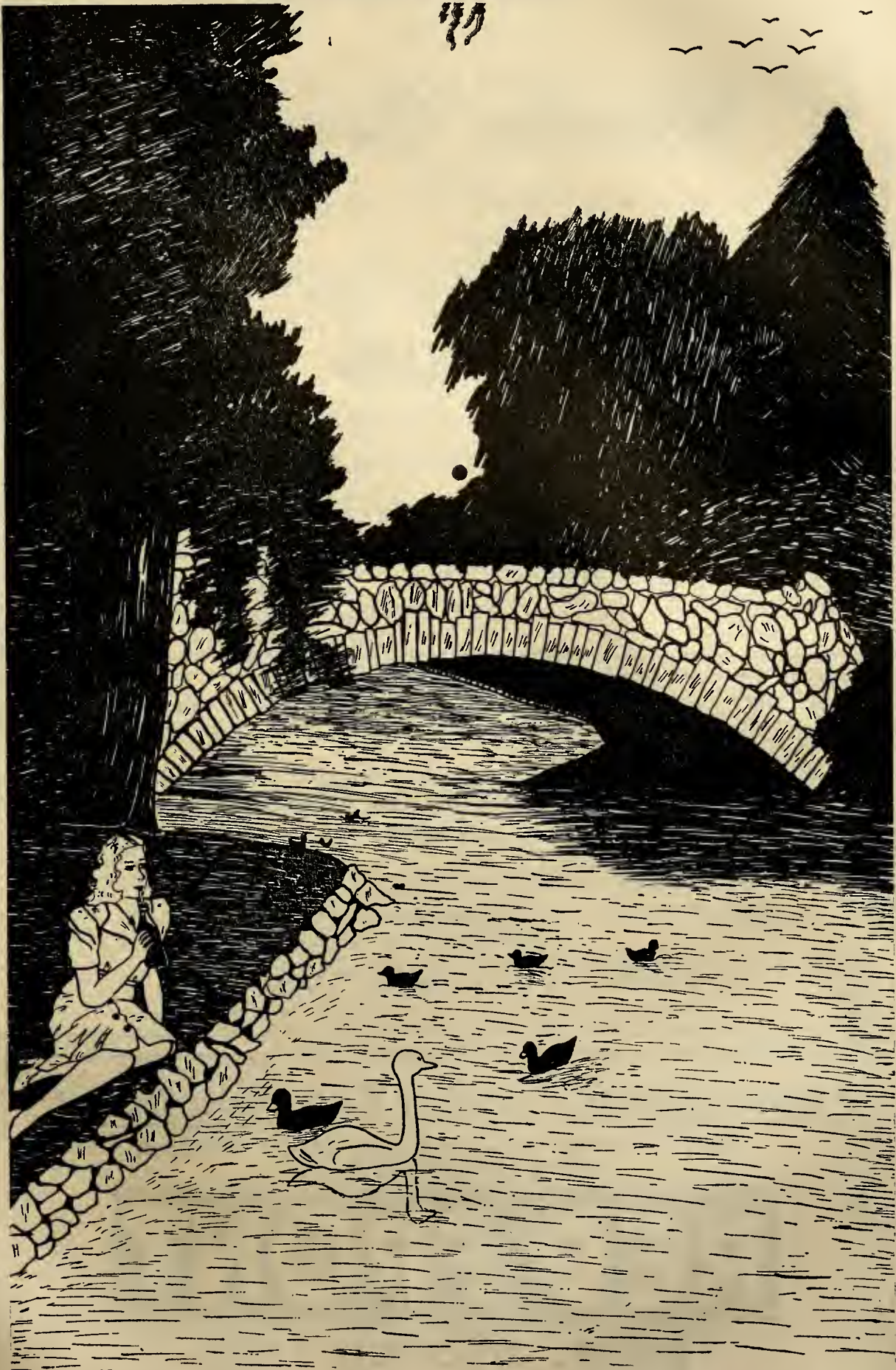
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GRADE XIII—

Julius Caesar told the augurers to *bisect* an animal and bring him their opinions of success. (Too much geometry?)

GRADE XII—

If a point moves in accordance with a given condition, the path it traces is called the *locust* of that point. (Too little geometry?)

GRADE XII—

(*Twelfth Night*) Fabian joined the plot against Malvolio because he had been bear-fighting with Malvolio and lost.

GRADE IX B—

Question: What is the significance of the title of Geoffrey Trease's novel "Cue for Treason"?

Answer: It was called "Cue for Treason" because Trease wrote it.

GRADE IX B—

A story told by a primitive people to explain a natural happening is called a nymph.

GRADE IX B—

History: There was to be no withstanding army in England. The Act of settlement in 1701 fixed the line of procession to the English throne.

Harvey was a doctor. He discovered that the blood circulated around the body through arteries and veins and by callipers.

GRADE IX A—

The humorous bone is found in the arm. (Could that be the funny bone?)

GRADE X—

A man enters the Air Force and goes to Manning Depot where he receives his intoxications.

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(See pictures on page 24)

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SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

First Row—Kay Lorch, Kersanta Lipnicki, Alice Henrich, Betty Vice, Connie Dillon.

Back Row—Arthur Weichel, Stanley Deckert, Ralph Robbins.

ANSWERS TO WHO'S WHO

From page 57

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. George Adams | 14. Donald Geisel |
| 2. Joyce Beggs | 15. Katie Herzog |
| 3. George Lee | 16. Donald Brox |
| 4. Glen Gable | 17. Jean Brubacher |
| 5. Jean Foster | 18. Donald Henrich |
| 6. Shirley Good | 19. Gladys Kraemer |
| 7. Erma Gingrich | 20. Verlin Cope |
| 8. Thomas Galley | 21. Jean Goodwin |
| 9. Reagh Hilliard | 22. Beth Brown |
| 10. Kenneth Klinkman | 23. Wanda Hubert |
| 11. Jack Allgeier | 24. Margaret Bolger |
| 12. Kenneth Drimmie | 25. Paul Campbell |
| 13. George Jupp | 26. Myrtle Eix |
| 27. Melvin Holman | |

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Grade X

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"Polled is when a cattle beast has no horns and just has a pole on its head.

"Feathering" (referring to horses) when the chickens get different feathers.

"Percheron" heavy horses, pure *bread*.

"Feathering" usually referred to horses around the bottom of the leg near the hoofs.

"Dished Face"—a scoop in the snout.

Isobar—is a bar which expands when put over a bunsen burner.

Uses of air pressure:—

1. It keeps aeroplanes up.
2. To fly a kite.
3. If it were not for air pressure within our bodies the air outside would blow us away.

Their Bit

(Continued from page 19)

what could this mean? Probably right around this vicinity," thought Diane. "But how could a German plane get across the border of Canada without being seen by our observation posts?"

All this time Eric was roaming around still managing to protect himself from being frost-bitten. The storm had abated somewhat and the sun was even trying to peep from the dark clouds only to be smothered by others. Eric's thoughts were of home and especially of the wife who managed the household affairs so efficiently and who loved him as no one else.

Suddenly, something caught his ear, something strange indeed. He opened his cap to grasp the sound. Nearer it came and still nearer. First, he thought it might be the humming of a windmill, but, although the visibility was limited to about three hundred yards, it was—what shocked him—an aeroplane. It was coming down, preparing to land. Why would an aeroplane land in the

middle of a snow-white wilderness? It did land, however, about one hundred yards ahead of him. What was on its rudder? On observing more closely, he saw to his horror that it was a swastika.

What was he to do next? At length he decided that he would sneak up to the plane and try to find out how many occupants it held. There at the cockpit sat a scowling Nazi and behind him an equally formidable-looking character. The latter, however, seemed to be ill because he was leaning over and had a very pale countenance. Quick as a dart, Eric threw the door open and after a slight struggle knocked the pilot senseless. He did not have to worry about the co-pilot as the latter was too weak to move. Eric explored around the plane but could not discover whence it had come; but one glance at the gas-meter told him why it had landed.

The radio was still broadcasting and now the same announcement that Diane had heard, came over. He quickly reported to "CBCX" over the aerogram, and, after giving his position by means of the scientific instruments on board, he received a message that two flying fortresses were coming to investigate. Indeed he did not have long to wait, for within twenty minutes he could hear the steady drone of the engines, but this time—Canadian.

Soon he was at home, and in the evening as they were sitting by the fire-side, they again listened to a newscast. Naturally, this great event of the capture of a German plane within the borders of Canada was soon flashed all over the world. Eric was duly awarded the George Medal for his deed.

That night he told his wife that he had made a great decision; he was going to join the R.C.A.F. He knew that his wife would have many hardships, struggles, and sacrifices ahead of her, but he reminded her that peace is worth it all. Diane understood, and bravely she determined to grimly fight it out as so many other Canadians have to do.

—ELMER SAUDER, XII

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In Memoriam



Donald Brubacher

Vernon Sewell

(See pictures on page 48)

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Back Row—Kenneth Klinkman, Arthur Weichel, Bob Leslie, Irene Malinsky, Shirley Cunningham, Kay Kalbfleisch, Edward O'Krafka, Gloria Long, William Whittaker, Miss Evans.

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Second Row—Mr. Currie, Erma Gingrich, Betty Schaefer, Gloria Long, Mildred Weigel, Isabel Cooper.

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Carl Schuett to waitress in cafeteria—
“What is this in my soup?”

“That,” replied the waitress, “is a vitamin Bee.”

Dorothy—“Can you drive with one hand?”

Jim—“Sure”.

Dorothy—“Here, have an apple.”

Thelme Ziegler informs Gr. XII that she is no longer afraid of explosions even though she did try to blow us all up while trying to prepare hydrogen.

We wonder if a certain little boy in Gr. XII has a great deal of fun putting those thumb tacks on a certain girl's seat.

Miss McDonagh: “What is the greatest achievement of the ancient Romans?”

Ross Mulholland: “They learned to speak Latin.”

Grade XII wonders why Marjorie Brubacher always feels her chair before she sits down. Has she never heard the old saying “He who sits on tack is better off”?

Miss Axford: “What is a polygon?”

Ralph Robbins: “A polygon is a dead parrot.”

Chinese visitor says: “Funny people, you Americans. You take a glass—you put in sugar to make it sweet and lemon to make it sour; you put in gin to warm you up and ice to keep you cool; you say, ‘Here’s to you, and then drink it yourself.’”

Kay Kalbfleisch (in earnest effort)—
“Look, my ears are moving!”

Glenn Watson: “Where are they going—to another block?”

Dorothy Hill—“Oh, Elmira is just a one-horse town.”

Jim Vice—“I’ll have you know that Elmira is no longer a one-horse town.”

Dorothy Hill—“What, do you mean to tell me that the meat rationing was that bad?”

Margaret Lutz announces that she will gladly share Hoffer’s truck with Connie Dillon if it will help to get her to school on time.

Miss Evans, on a Geography paper:
What people live in Salt Lake City?

Grade X Student: Morons.

Mr. Hobden, teaching Grade XII how to make plaster: “Have you ever been in a place where they were plastered? . . . I mean plastering.”

Marjorie Brubacher, after Albert Lorch has done her a favour: “Oh! Abbie, you’re the best friend I have . . . er . . . I mean the second best.”

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Bernice Krupp.

Billy Vire

Helma Morris

June Kelly

Maureen Lora

Dorothy Smith



Ruth Schuchter

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Adeline E. Ly.

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Rae Smart

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